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9 *'The Magician McBride . . .'*

17
Anatomy of a Special Forces Camp (1)

GORDON L. ROTTMAN
Paintings by RONALD B. VOLSTAD

24

Two Hussars: (2) Thomas Noel Harris, 1815
PHILIP J. HAYTHORNTHWAITE

29

Royal Marine Commandos in the Field, 1980-83

BRIEN HOBBS
Paintings by KEVIN LYLES

34

King George's Indians

ROBIN MAY Paintings by GERRY EMBLETON

50

Gallery: James Wolfe

'VOLUNTEER' Paintings by BRYAN FOSTEN

Editorial	4	Classifieds	
The Auction Scene	4	Letters	(
On the Screen	5	Reviews	42

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Our cover illustration is Angus McBride's 'In Nomine Domini': Hermann von Salza, Teutonic Hochmeister, c.1230: see interview, p.9. (Collection of Keith Durham)

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EDITORIAL

Among our first-time contribu-tors in this issue of 'MI' we welcome Robin May. Born in Deal, Kent in 1929, Robin was for ten years a professional actor before changing course into journalism. Once a member of the editorial team on the much-lamented Look and Learn, he has worked for many years now as a freelance writer and author. and has published many books and articles on his two main interests: the history of theatre and the performing arts, and the history of the Old West. He is currently writing a biography on Joseph Brant, the great Iroquois leader who features prominently in his article for us.

The warfare he describes in the 18th-century Mohawk Valley strikes a faint echo in Gordon L. Rottman's most welcome article on his old Special Forces camp in Vietnam in the late 1960s. After Vietnam, Gordon served from 1974 to 1986 as full-time operations sergeant in Texas ANG Airborne and LRRP units. Currently working in publishing, he is the author of detailed books on the US Special Forces, Rangers and LRRP units, and on Warsaw Pact forces.



Robin May

Our other first-timer is **Brien Hobbs** – we let him off providing a 'mug shot', since he appears in his own article on RM Commando uniforms and personal equipment. Brien recently left the Corps after nine years' service which included serveral tours in Ulster, and combat with NP8901 in Stanley during the Argentine invasion of the Falklands in April 1982.



Gordon Rottman

Errata

In 'MI' No.8 a couple of slips occurred in the article on Free Polish Armoured Units. On p.21, left column, line 28, for 'officers' stars', read 'NCOs' bars'. On p.25, first title in the source list, for Dyqizja, read Dywizja: last title, for Pancerne j 1918-47, read Pancernej 1918-47.

MI

THE AUCTION SCENE

It has been suggested that this column might, for once, be devoted to bargains to be had at auction, rather than to the unusual prices realised by some lots. After examination of a dictionary definition, and some deep consideration, it is felt that it could be argued that there is hardly ever such a thing to be had at an auction as a 'bargain', defined as something purchased cheaply.

'Cheaply' suggests that the amount paid was less than the normal price. At an auction, no single lot has a normal price: in collecting, no piece has an intrinsic value - no hard and fast figure set down like a recommended retail price. Each piece of militaria, each weapon, model soldier, or book is worth just as much as somebody is prepared to pay for it. That 'somebody' has - or should have - decided what he is prepared to pay for it, and will not exceed that figure. The only time that he might claim to have got a bargain will be when he secures a piece for much less than his top figure; but who, apart from himself, can say whether the figure he had in mind was reasonable? It is possible that the purchaser's bargain was the seller's delight!

It might be argued that certain items, such as flintlock pocket pistols, usually fetch £125 to £150 in auction; and that the man who buys one for £100 has a bargain. Possibly . . . but more likely he has come into a falling market, or the pistol is not up to the usual standards.

The only occasion when there might be a chance of acquiring a real bargain in the usual sense is the Sunday 'boot sale' at the church hall in Lesser Nether Much Whining, when a fine 19th-century Lloyds Patriotic Fund sword sells for £100! Alas, like all pipe dreams, the chances of it coming true are rendered ever more vanishingly remote by the interest in antiques encouraged by publishers and television producers.

One of the purposes of detailing some of the top prices is to indicate possible trends in the collecting market, or to show factors which can - and do - affect prices so markedly. In Phillips' sale on 2 July an ordinary British Army officer's sword realised £780 instead of the more usual £150 - the difference being that it had belonged to a winner of the Victoria Cross. In the same well-attended sale a number of military uniforms realised good prices; this trend has been notable in a number of recent sales, and suggests a growing interest in this previously rather neglected field.

Sotheby's sale on 1 July included a large collection of French military buttons, which in ten separate lots sold for a total of £2,300; while a uniform of a captain in the Royal Horse Guards, lacking helmet and sword, sold for £340. A Confederate States Naval Sword, c.1862, made £5,000; and a large selection of pistols sold well.

For the collector of militaria one of the best-known sources is Wallis & Wallis of Lewes, since all their sales include a wide range of military headdress and badges in addition to medals, books, arms and armour. Their June sale was particularly impressive, with a large number of Indian Army badges. This has, in the past, been a less popular field of collecting, but there is an increasing demand for such pieces: Lot 1207, 26 cavalry shoulder titles, realised £210 a figure undreamt of a year or two back. A puggaree badge of the 61st Pioneers (Prince of Wales's Own) realised £100, as did the helmet plate of the 2nd (Simla) Punjab Rifle Volunteers with the Queen's crown.

For the collector of vintage and modern firearms one of the bestknown auctioneers is Weller & Dufty of Birmingham; and the next column will be looking at this area of collecting.

Frederick Wilkinson

Video releases: 'The Bridge on the River Kwai' (RCA/Columbia:PG)

'The Last Valley'
(Video Gems:15)

'Ran' (CBS/Fox:15)

David Lean's The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957) was based on Pierre Boulle's novel about a rail bridge built by British PoWs in Siam in 1943. The fiction was based on reality: Boulle, a former prisoner of the Japanese, was inspired by the building of a real bridge which formed part of the notorious 'Death Railway'.

The film begins with the arrival at a jungle camp of prisoners led by Col. Nicholson (Alec Guinness). The commandant Col. Saito (Sessue Hayakawa), ordered to construct the bridge, causes confrontation by insisting that British officers do manual labour alongside their men. Nicholson refuses, and forces Saito to relent after enduring many days in a tiny punishment hutch.

The PoWs begin work on the bridge, but seek to delay progress by sabotage. Nicholson can only see this as a breakdown in discipline: he convinces Saito that the work must be done to British specifications, not only to improve prisoner morale, but also to create a lasting monument to British resourcefulness and indomitability. Obsessed with the immediate task, he is oblivious to the fact that the bridge will aid the enemy's war effort. Meanwhile, a small commando group led by Col. Warden (Jack Hawkins), with a reluctant recently-escaped US prisoner, Shears (William Holden), treks through the jungle with the aim of destroying the bridge.

The need for a literally explosive climax precluded faithfulness to the book, in which the bridge survived. However, the clash of personality between Nicholson and Saito is well written, and suggests that war is inevitable when there is an unwillingness to understand an alien culture. The film's significance was that it was among the first British war films to eschew simple-minded heroics for more realistic characterisation. Its success paved the way for a cycle of epic war films which ended in 1977 with A Bridge Too Far. Thirty years on, Kwai remains an impressive achievement, marred only by the over-use of the jaunty First World War marching song Colonel Bogey.

The Last Valley (1970) is one of very few films set during the Thirty Years' War. (Inexplicably, the film is ostensibly set in the 1640s: J.B. Pick's original novel The Fat Valley, and the historical events it mentions, date to 1637-38.) A refugee teacher, Vogel (Omar Sharif) stumbling through the devastation of massacre and plague, chances on a hidden Catholic village in a valley which has escaped the ravages of war. Mercenaries led by 'the Captain' (Michael Caine) also find the village; but

ON THE SCREEN

Vogel persuades him to winter his men there, rather than plunder it. The Captain imposes an uneasy peace, strained by religious and sexual tension and the mutual hatreds of peasants and soldiers. However, when spring brings word of a new campaign the Captain's neutrality has to end, and conflict is

The film was written, directed and produced by James Clavell, famous for his novels King Rat, Tai-Pan and Shogun; his screen-play credits include The Great Escape and 633 Squadron. The contrast between war and peace is evident in the personalities of the two main protagonists, and in the landscape in which they choose to exist. Vogel seeks sanctuary in the idyllic village; the Captain, for all his ambiguities, chooses to lead his men to the battle of Rhinefelden in fulfilment of his mercenary contract.

The scenes of war, though relatively brief, have a horrifying impact, and are clearly inspired by the painting of Bosch: the army marches under a lowering sky along roads lined by hideous gibbets, to a

nightmare mêlée on a bridge in darkness lit only by the flames of the burning city. It is a telling image of the brutality of a war which laid waste half a continent. Mention should also be made of the impressive score, and the titlesequence graphics.

Ran (1985) is the latest film directed by Akira Kurosawa, Japan's most internationally recognised film maker. Set during the continual petty civil wars of the 16th century, it concerns the ageing king Hidetora, who unwisely relinquishes power to his sons Taro, Jiro and Saburo. Taro's wife, the evil and ambitious Lady Kaede, exploits the situation to wreak revenge on Hidetora, who had been responsible for the deaths of her family years before. She persuades Taro to attack the castle occupied by Hidetora and his guard of 40 samurai. Taro is killed; but Kaede seduces and dominates liro in her bid for overall power. She persuades him to have his wife killed, and to mobilise his army for a climactic battle with the forces of Saburo, who alone has remained loyal to his father.

Kurosawa has borrowed from King Lear, in much the same way that his Throne of Blood (1957) was modelled upon Macbeth. Much of the film was shot on location at the castles of Himeii, Kumamoto and Nagova. The battle scenes are particularly noteworthy, and are realised on a scale which Hollywood has not attempted for years. The large and colourful armies of extras are photographed for maximum visual effect rather than for a conventional naturalism, resulting in a painterly, stylised quality reminiscent of Japanese battle scrolls. This film will remain one of the true classics of the 1980s, and is certainly a must for all those with an interest in Japanese history.

Stephen J. Greenhill

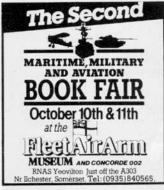


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LETTERS

We will be glad to publish readers' letters which advance the information given in our articles; and to pass on to contributors queries more suitably dealt with by private correspondence. We reserve the right to select, for reasons of space, only the most relevant passages for publication. Please address letters to our editorial box number, given on p. 3, and mark envelope 'Letters'.

Boer War helmet flashes

The recent article on the British officer in the Boer War ('MI'No.7) was especially interesting, as my greatgrandfather served in South Africa as a sergeant in the 2nd King's Royal Rifle Corps. A photograph in my possession, of officers and men at Ladysmith some time during the first half of 1900, shows a slightly different flash from that illustrated. It appeared on both sides of the foreign service helmet, presumably in red lettering on Rifle green (appended sketch shows nearly square patch with Arabic '2' centred over 'KRR'). As my great-grandfather was a sergeant in the mounted infantry company of the 2nd KRRC, I would be interested in possible future articles on other ranks in the Boer War, or mounted infantry at that time.

David N. Adamson Amersham Bucks

I have been making a study of regimental insignia worn on the foreign service helmet and slouch hat during the Boer War . . . The flash worn by the West Yorkshire Regt. ('MI'No.7, photo, p.37) is colourful: indeed, the only other infantry regiments which I have come across (having visited over 70 regimental museums) who placed their title on a coloured patch were the Queen's - Royal West Surrey Regt. - 'QUEEN'S' in arc on red rectangle, mounted on (probably) a blue diamond; and the East Surrey Regt. - 'E.SURREY' in a straight line on a red rectangle mounted on (probably) a black rectangle.

I had believed that the 'W.YORK' title was mounted on a patch in regimental colours of maroon with buff stripes. This assumption was based on the Gallaher series on Army Badges, which showed badges on a background of regimental colours. This was later confirmed, with some reservations, by the Regimental Secretary . . . No example of the flash now exists. It was also confirmed that the flash was worn on both sides of the helmet by all ranks.

R.S. Kidd Wantage Oxon.

We regret space limitations in this issue, and are holding over several letters until 'MI'No.10.



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The Magician McBride

Some months ago a book reviewer for the respected Belgian magazine 'AMI', faced with the colour plates in one of Osprey's ancient-period Men-at-Arms books, described the illustrator as 'le magicien McBride!'. To those who know Angus McBride well, this spontaneous exclamation of delight will seem eerily apt: and to any reader who has responded to the extraordinary vigour and drama of his illustrations, it will be entirely understandable. For a more personal glimpse of the man and his working methods, we took the opportunity of one of Angus's all too brief visits to Britain to record a number of conversations with him. What follows is largely edited down from those conversations, and from subsequent correspondence.

Angus McBride was born in London, of Highland Scots parents, in 1931. His mother died when he was five; his father during the Second World War, when he was twelve. The orphaned boy's upbringing was patchy, and not particularly happy. A focus was finally provided by acceptance into the Canterbury Cathedral Choir School — the key to his life-long pleasure in music.

Returning to London, and the home of an older cousin, in his mid-teens, he completed schooling with only one quantifiable skill: art. He could see nothing else for it, and declared that he wanted to be a professional artist. In the late 1940s this was tantamount to a subversive manifesto; but, supported by his cousin, he was pointed towards an advertising studio - the only place where an untrained boy could hope to learn while earning a

He worked in advertising for 13 years: first as coffeeboy, then mounting other people's artwork, and finally as a layout man and designer himself. This progression was interrupted by two years' National Service with the Royal Fusiliers, mostly spent with the Berlin garrison. Laying aside his hackle and 'Flaming A***hole' shoulder patch and returning to London in 1951, he began to extend his range as an advertising artist.

He remembers those years as an invaluable period of on-the-job training. He had to learn to draw practically anything, at least reasonably well, and against the clock. By the time he left advertising he could render the shine on enamel, from years of work on the General Motors account; the transparency of glass, from painting Booths gin bottles; and even fur. His first piece of published artwork was of differently coloured minks, for a fur trade magazine; and his determination to get it right meant that his living room stank of badly cured pelts for weeks afterwards.

TO AFRICA, WITH PAINTBRUSH

The late 1950s were not a particularly rewarding time for a struggling young artist in Britain; and Angus decided to move to the smaller and sunnier pool of Cape Town, South Africa. Here he became moderately wellknown and successful as a commercial artist. He had been extending his range into figure work for some time; and again, advertising commissions taught him the rudiments of human expression and body-language,



through countless drawings of people 'holding up the product and saying "Wow!".

But while South Africa brought experience and rewards, it also had its own frustrations. For years Angus's love of history had been pushing him towards historical illustration as a career: but South Africa's publishing world could not provide the work to support this increasingly insistent yearning. In 1961, now married and with a son, he returned to England; and tried to establish himself as an illustrator. The shock was not softened by an English winter so bitter that he resorted to keeping his small family packed closely around the drawing board. ('I reckoned that if snowed-in Swiss farmers could keep warm by sharing quarters with their cattle, then I could keep warm with relatives...'.)

In the 1960s there were still several superb 'educational comics' publishing for the teenage market. Angus was lucky enough to get regular work from Richard Hook, then Art Editor of Finding Out. ('I was still experimenting, often disastrously, with techniques and visual approaches. But Richard never lost his nerve: week in, week out, he would commission four pages of colour art. Things improved, slow-

Angus McBride at work in his Cape Town studio. The setting is superb: from his studio window he can look down a steep hillside covered in flowering trees and tropical shrubs set between white houses, to a huge, sweeping bay of the Indian Ocean. A narrow ribbon of what were all once fishing villages meanders along the coast towards Simonstown naval anchorage, and even today they retain something of the cosmopolitan flavour of more relaxed times.

ly...'.) Some years later the more cynical atmosphere in teenage publishing killed off magazines like Finding Out and Look and Learn, which had given many of Britain's best illustrators their professional grounding. know, the artwork many of us did for 'L&L' still turns up, year after year, in annuals? Some of it's good, some is embarrassingly dreadful - and all of it's free, and unacknowledged!') Twenty-five years later, the magazines may have gone: but Angus and Richard Hook have remained firm friends.

Over the next 15 years Angus worked solidly, establishing a reputation as a fast, reliable, imaginative illustrator. He specialised in historical subjects, though he would tackle almost anything. Commissions to paint mythological scenes were a particular joy; and latterly he even contributed some



memorable cartoons to 'gir-lie' magazines...

Among his peers — after himself, always an artist's most demanding critics — Angus is known for his brilliant use of colour; his mastery of light effects; and for his command of the viewer's eye, which is directed exactly where he wants it, as soon as the page turns. His style is unmistakable to anyone in the business.

Though always passionately interested in the past, and widely read over an eclectic range of subjects, Angus has never claimed to be a specifically military artist. He has little interest in uniforms; and is always more comfortable with the early periods, where character and circumstance can speak as loudly as the minutiae of costume. Nevertheless, in 1975 he was introduced (by fellow illustrator Gerry Embleton) to Osprey's Menat-Arms series, for which he wrote and illustrated their Zulu War title. The impact of his Zulu warrior studies was immediate and breathtaking.

Since that first, oftenreprinted title he has illustrated more than 30 Osprey books, concentrating over the past few years almost entirely on ancient and medieval subjects. growing popularity of these periods among readers sparked off, perhaps, to some extent by the 'Swords and Sorcery' cult - has provided him with a natural arena for his skills. He brings to these often immensely difficult reconstructions a meticulous care over the shadowy fragments of historical evidence, coupled with a flair for dramatic

atmosphere and characterisation: what one American collector has called 'the sunset and ravens factor'. (His original paintings are the objects of a lively trade after publication, and framed McBrides have pride of place on many study walls in the United States.)

In 1976, harassed once too often by an insolent VAT inspector, Angus and his family returned to Cape Town. He continues to accept regular commissions from the many British and American clients whose addiction to his work outweighs the practical difficulty of dealing over such distances. He also works for local publishers and agencies; paints portraits; and pursues his passion for music and the theatre by singing — as does his wife Pat - with the chorus of the Cape Town Opera.

'Life here is frequently puzzling; sometimes exasperating; but never dull... The people, of all races, are astonishingly beautiful; and as an artist, I've never stopped being excited by Africa. So long as nobody interferes too much with my lines of communication to Britain and the States, I think I'll stick it out and see what happens.'

AGENTS AND PUBLISHERS

MI: We've heard the Illustrator's Lament often enough to

know that you agree with us that the creative talents in British publishing are shamefully exploited, by comparison with their Continental and American counterparts. Given all the problems, how do you feel about artist's agents?

McB: Mixed feelings ... Some I've known have actually taken the work, sold it - and disappeared with the money! Some never seem to be on the artist's side if a client turns nasty, even though they live off our percentage. The best - like my own - are good friends, and indispensable. All artists lack business sense; young illustrators need an agent's skills in finding suitable work for unknown talents; and even veterans are so thin-skinned that requests for the most reasonable corrections come best through a diplomatic agent!

Agents should also be prepared to get involved in fighting for an illustrator's proper demands. Illustration is poorly paid, particularly compared to advertising artwork; and it's surprisingly hard to get some clients to agree either to hand back work after use, or to fix some kind of limits on its use, so that the artist retains at least a degree of financial interest in any continuing success. Obviously, it would be ridiculous to hold out for complicated royalty deals on every job: like it or lump it, a fairly modest fixed fee is the

'going rate' for a certain sort of work. But now and then I've let good work go, often for footling sums, only to see it later in some moneyspinning pot-boiler of a book produced in the Far East without anyone ever telling me where it was going.

It isn't only the money or the terms, either: the demands, especially young and inexperienced editors, can be completely unreasonable. The illustrator tends to get sent round to the tradesman's entrance, like the garbage man; and he tends to be the last person involved in a job, by which time the schedule is pressing - and by which time he's the only one who can compensate for inadequacies in the text or design. In all these kinds of situation, a determined agent should show himself to be the artist's ally, not the client's...

MATERIALS

MI: Moving on to technical considerations, Angus: what about materials — have you experimented a lot to find what suits you?

McB: I've never seemed to have time to experiment. I began as a freelance in 1961 using a not-surface board, and I still use no other. I started painting with gouache, designer's colour, because it's so flexible — it's suitable for fine washes as well as for opaque bodycolour; and I still use it.

Brushes can be a problem; you have to select them one by one. And expensive as they are, I find that a brush rarely lasts me more than a month... Though I must admit I still use, for backgrounds, an old one-inch flat sable that I've had for 30 years. Some nylon brushes work well for basic painting; they last a good deal longer, and of course they're cheaper than sable. But they do tend to cut through underlying paint, and expose the board

At regular intervals I scour the art shops in Cape Town for Process White, which does just about everything it's a mixing medium, to



give body and opacity, and you can tidy a job up with it, where necessary... I noticed one drawback the other day, when I was flattered to see some originals of mine framed on a friend's wall. With time, the board had yellowed slightly; and the Process White, which had originally been invisible, stood out embarrassingly all round the edges.

MI: What about oils - have you ever used them for an illustration job, as opposed to a painting for framing?

McB: Just once. The originals looked suitably impressive — in fact, Heathrow Customs held them for investigation, on the assumption that they were contraband Old Masters! But when I saw the finished book, the reproduction was coarse and dark-looking. I can only assume that current methods of ordinary, run-ofthe-press reproduction pick up too many of the impurities which give oil paint its depth and subtlety. Even acrylics aren't always easy to reproduce. Water-colour. gouache and inks seem to work best: maybe because the background paper isn't entirely lost, and gives brightness to the overlying colours.

MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHS AND **ENLARGERS**

MI: Do you often use models for McB: Sure. If a photo, even your figure work?

McB: Not if I can help it. 'period face'.

- and I think it shows. Very nearly all 'my' faces come out of my head.

MI: You mentioned photogra-



McB: Well, I would think that all illustrators who specialise in figure work of any kind use photos as reference; but there's a very wide range in the use that they make of them. Some such as Nockels, I would think - seem to rely entirely on a photo, copying it exactly — and not always with complete understanding. Hayes, on the other hand, produces a photographic effect; but he never loses sight of the overall needs of the picture, so he 'cheats' where necessary. I get the impression that he uses photos a lot, studies them very carefully - then lays them aside while he's working.

My own relationship with photos is much more uneasy. Ideally, I would like never to have to use one at all; but there are times when it's unavoidable.

MI: Of course, you often have no choice but to use photos as primary reference?

a bad one - badly exposed, out of focus, badly preserved They take time to find, and - contains the only informaphotograph; and anyway, tion an illustrator has availdespite the common myth to able, then he has to follow it the contrary, I don't believe - and the more carefully, that modern people look like the better. But personally, I their ancestors. I've looked find working from that sort very carefully at the best of source deeply depressing. portraits of earlier centuries, I don't feel that there is and at the earliest photo- anything I can do that will graphs, and I'm convinced convey more information; in that there is such a thing as a fact, there's a chance that I'll cloud the issue even further. Some illustrators — Valle- That may sound a little jo, for one - use family and heavy, but it honestly is a friends as models even for point of real importance for period and fantasy subjects me. I've waded through enough history and archaeology to realise how often whole skyscrapers of attractive theory are built on highly questionable foundations. You know the kind of thing — a whole horseman reconstructed from a single horseshoe nail? To contribute to distortion and mythmongering is about the greatest crime an historical illustrator can commit.

MI: That's understood, Angus; but come off it - one of your great skills is making bricks with only a wisp of straw. We've seen you take a lousy reference brief, with little more than a belt-buckle, a scabbard-chape, and half a spur, and turn it into Wagner On Ice! There are no photos of 8th-century kings; there aren't even any naturalistic portraits; so what can you do? McB: You can learn your period properly; you can make honest guesses; you can weigh probabilities; you can search for corroborative evidence, passing remarks, helpful hints from other disciplines - and then you make a decision. An illustrator has to: he can't leave a blank space with a note saying 'incomplete pending further evidence'! Museums can mount fragments from an ancient helmet on a hypothetical reconstruction of the whole thing, in clear plastic. An illustrator can't: he's accepted a commission, and a deadline, and the client is expecting him to visualise it, and to paint it — with as much or as little help from the author as the gods think he deserves that day!

Getting back to photos for a moment, there is another use for them: as a source of ideas, and an antidote to the occupational disease of every artist working under pressure - the development of clichés. It would be marvellous if we could all take a long sabbatical now and then, and do life-drawing or whatever; but there isn't time. Photos can serve as the next best thing. And they can be very surprising indeed, when you study them properly. Do tall men really have such large heads? Are there really so many prominent veins round the ankle? Were manual labourers' bodies really so very white? The photos say so - who are we to argue?

MI: And what about the enlarging machine?

McB: It takes up a lot of room; it costs a lot of money; and it's a good place to get warm in winter. It saves a lot of time; and for mechanical and technical work, obviously, it's essential, and should be paid a salary. But I must admit, it gives me the creeps. I've got a fair eye for proportion, and if I need to enlarge anything I need only the barest minimum of a grid. Besides, there's a style — a set of proportions that's appropriate for figure work on different scales; and the 'Grant' makes you forget it. I think the trained eve is better than the machine however perfect the machine result ought to be, I can't help feeling that often something goes slightly astray somewhere.

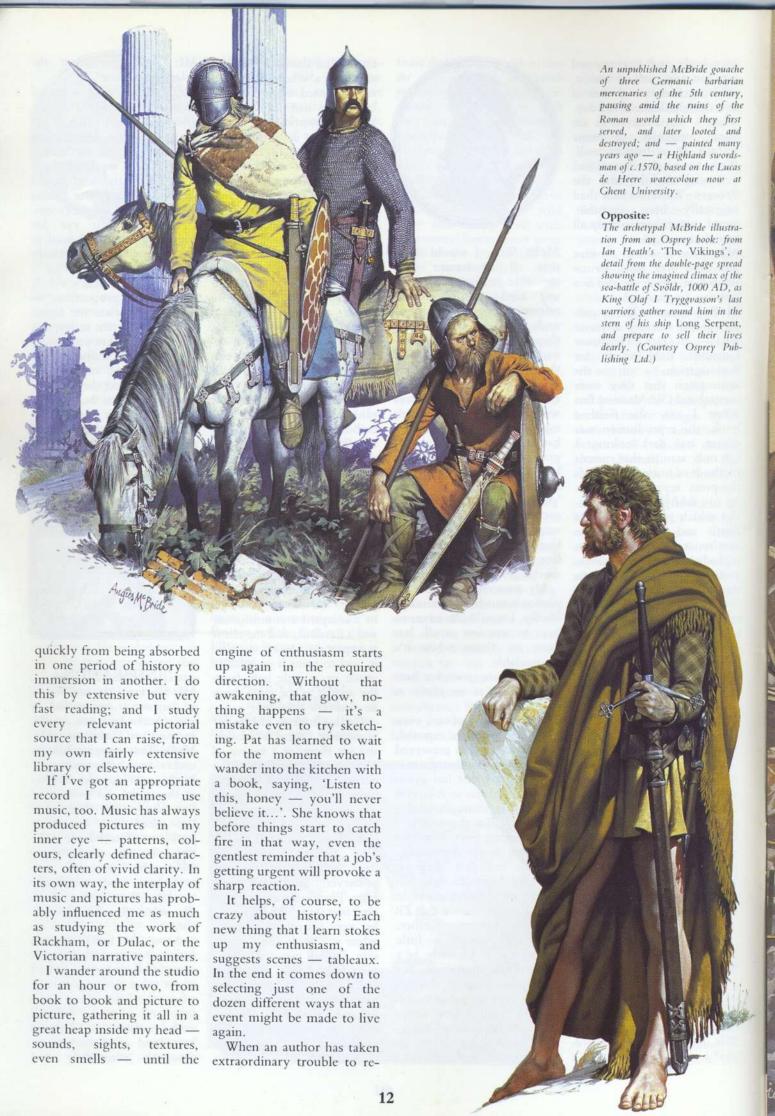


INSPIRATION

MI: We know this may not be an easy one to answer; but can you describe how you actually approach an illustration job?

McB: That question always makes me self-conscious... Nothing to do with 'secrets of the trade', far from it — I've always felt flattered if I'm asked how I solve a problem of technique. The thing is, my methods are self-taught, probably un-orthodox, and artistically speaking they may even be the worst possible ones to

About the initial stages I suffer from no embarrassment at all. It begins when I know what the subject is when the brief gives me a time and a place. I work under pressure, so I have to be a kind of chameleon changing completely and

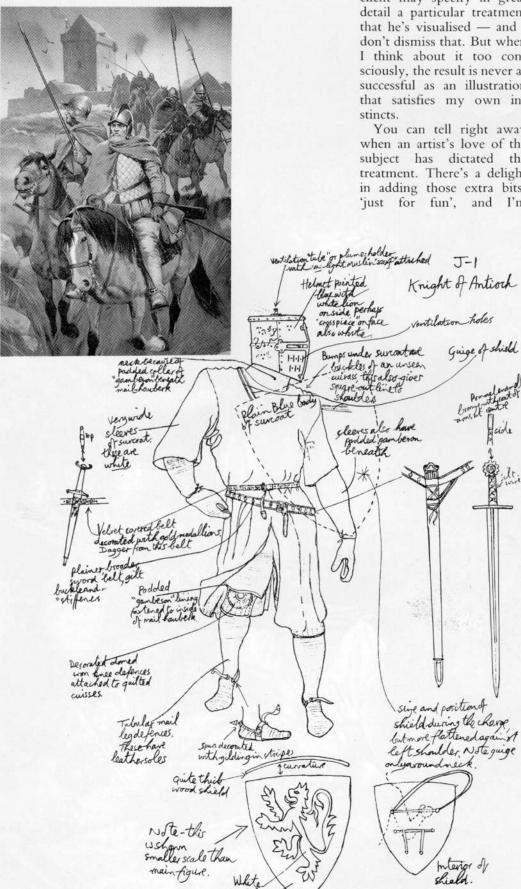




'The Reivers' - a study of early 16th century moss-troopers on the English-Scottish border. (Collection of Keith Durham)

An illustrator is only as good as his

reference - and despite the spidery-looking notes, this is in fact very good reference - a sketch for a knight of Antioch, provided as part of McBride's brief for a plate in Osprey's 'The Normans' by author David Nicolle.



search physical detail, then I owe it to him to pass on every bit of it that I can to the reader. But I've learned that if I find a particular approach or composition intriguing, then the reader will, too. A client may specify in great detail a particular treatment that he's visualised — and I don't dismiss that. But when I think about it too consciously, the result is never as successful as an illustration that satisfies my own in-

You can tell right away when an artist's love of the subject has dictated the treatment. There's a delight in adding those extra bits, 'just for fun', and I'm

convinced that the reader responds to them. You see it in the work of artists as diverse as Frazetta, and Rackham, and Fitzpatrick. When another artist looks at your work, you long to hear him say, 'You really enjoyed that bit, didn't you?'... But if you're forced into something that sparks no real enthusiasm, you're more likely to hear him say, 'That bit gave you a few problems, didn't

Anyway, back to our muttons... Say that the first stage of preparation is complete. Say I've been asked to paint a clan battle in the 17th century. My head is full to bursting with images: all I can see is low grey clouds, a dark hillside covered with dripping heather and bracken, the gleam of a distant loch; I can hear bagpipes, and Gaelic voices, and the creak of leather; I can smell oiled steel, and sweat; I can feel cold wind, and excitement and dread churning in my stomach. I need a horizontal canvas about six feet wide and three feet high; and a month, at least - undisturbed.

And what I've got is three days at the most; and a space, after the printer's reduction, of about three inches by two inches, and upright at that.

This is the difficult bit! ...AND PERSPIRATION

MI: So now you have to submit your mental images to the practical needs of the publisher? McB: Exactly - I have to study the brief, and take it in, while keeping the original vision tucked somewhere safely, so that I can put myself in touch with it again later. The enormous difference between illustration and free painting - apart from the imposed deadlines - is that the subject is given at the outset. The job of the illustration is to inform; it's invariably allied to the written word, which it must either explain, or enlarge upon, or decorate.

The brief may say: 'There are three people in the room. Though no one is actually moving, fig. A - the king in

disguise (see stats for costume, herewith) — has just found out that B — a Rumanian spy now posing as an American tourist — has been having an affair with C, who is making tea (see samovar refs. herewith, but make larger; and incorporate in decorative features Imperial eagle, see Hackenschmitt p.349)... Through window we see crowded market-day street — peasants, beggars, dogs, etc...'.

It becomes a matter of expression and body-language. You can't put labels or 'thinks-balloons' on everyone, like a cartoon. And when you've finished, there must be no doubt what's going on.

Composition has always been important to me — and lighting, and movement... I like to feel that the viewer's eye can't 'escape' from the picture — that composition, light and movement conspire to bring it back to the centre of interest.

One light-source is usually sufficient, and reflected lights simply emphasise its dominance. Limbs, of men and animals, and weapons, and banners can all be arranged to direct the attention. You have even more ways of holding the viewer's interest if you can choose your time of day, the season, and the landscape.

MI: What are the actual stages of getting your vision down on the board?

McB: I may make a dozen or more drawings on layout paper, each a slight development of the last, and each an attempt to encapsulate the original vision. Finally, a working drawing emerges. I cover the back with lead pencil, and trace it down onto board. Then the outlines need to be firmed up with sepia ink so that they don't disappear when I begin pushing paint all over them.

I work from the 'background forwards'; that way I don't have to paint around anything, which tends to spoil the illusion of depth. I like a sky to look remote and unsullied, not a mass of brushstrokes. For this I use a four-inch-wide housepainter's brush, or even a six-inch, but always spotlessly clean and bone dry. With this I lightly push the paint around until it blends and fades without any edges at all. It looks a bit like airbrushing, in fact.

Whatever is 'next furthest away' — mountains, land-scape, whatever — comes next; then, progressively forwards to the nearest figures. That's why gouache is so useful — it's opaque when you want it to be.

MI: We know what you're good at; what do you think you're bad at?

McB: Oh Lord — architecture... I avoid it whenever I can — it's like a phobia. The sheer concentration needed to draw a line of windows all alike brings me near to breakdown. One of the joys of painting primitive huts and medieval cottages is that the windows are hardly ever identical!

MI: Anything else?

McB: Horses; and ring mail. Obviously, I can't avoid either of them. You just have to learn about horses, the way any self-respecting 19thcentury artist had to. I've never had time to mooch around stables with a sketchbook; so I've taken literally hundreds of photos of horses - but I still have nowhere near enough. I'm constantly being pulled up by riding 'seat' friends about 'seat' 'hands' and so on. My daughter is wonderfully perceptive of animal emotions; she took me to task recently because my horses 'aren't taking as much notice of one another as they should'!

As for mail, I sometimes wonder if it took as long to make it as to paint it. Many artists have tried to find an easy way to render it, but you simply have to do it link by link. Peter Connolly does it best, I think. In my agony I've sometimes wondered if he's invented a machine that puts it down in paint, takes care of curvature and wrinkles, works out perspective and scale - which always look right - and adds the highlights. If he really does it like the rest of us, he must be some kind of superman. My family learned long ago that there are two times when I have to be left strictly alone: when I'm putting down a wash, and when I'm doing mail.

MI: And when you've finally finished?

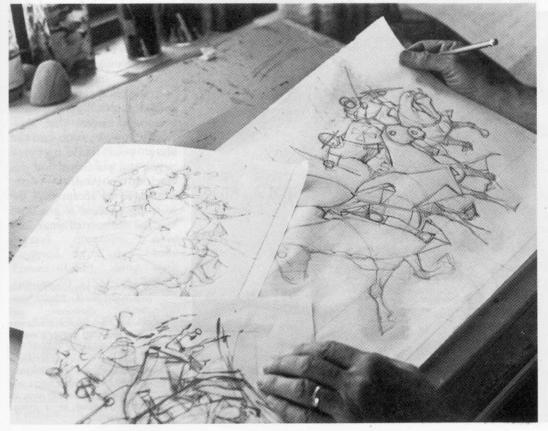
McB: I ruthlessly clear the desk, destroy all the working drawings, clean all the brushes, change the paintwater, put all the reference books back in the right places — and get out of the studio for an hour or two. Then I take down the next folder, always without the faintest notion of what it's going to involve, beyond the bare subject — and begin 'stoking up the furnace' again.

WHY DO IT?

MI: Taken all in all, the pressures sound to us fairly appalling?

McB: Oddly enough, it doesn't really feel that way, you know... The thing is, the pressure that matters all comes from inside yourself — or at least, it does once you've acquired the necessary professional skill to work fast. But time does

McBride working through the series of preliminary drawings which precede the final composition — here, again, for a plate in Dr. Nicolle's 'The Normans'. The final drawing will be shaded over the back in soft pencil, then drawn over again with a firm point to transfer the image, in shadow form, to the art board.





always seem short... Not so much the time for a particular job — I mean the time ahead, to plan and paint all the special work for your own pleasure, that's always slowly maturing in the back of your mind. Ron Embleton said it: 'We're all the same — all trying to buy time for ourselves, to do a better job.'

And then, of course, there's the pressure of self-criticism. Richard Hook told me once, 'If you look at last year's work and you still like it — you're slipping.'

One reward is that I'm getting more and more letters these days, from far-off places, telling me that somebody's enthusiasm has been sparked by some illustration of mine. That's exactly what I've been hoping for all my life; and it gives such a lift, I find myself thinking, 'Just hang about you ain't seen nothing yet!' There's a great fellowship among history enthusiasts like us — to illustrate for them, and win their approval, is intensely satisfying.

And even publishers aren't always slave-drivers... Some have swallowed hard, and written off marketing opportunities with scarcely a word,

while I've fumbled my way too slowly through a difficult project. Some take the trouble to pass on reviews and encouraging notes. Some even come visiting — that's the best type of all! — and get sat down in front of this incredible view, with a long cool glass, and taught about the facts of an illustrator's life in the most comfortable possible surroundings.

MI: Finally, Angus — the inevitable: any advice for a talented youngster who wants to be an illustrator?

McB: That really isn't easy, you know... I could rage on for hours about teaching methods over the past 20 years - but let's just say that there's no substitute for life-drawing classes. They may be 'detrimental to the free flow of inspiration' but unless students are actually taught to draw, God knows how the poor little devils ever expect to make a living... Some other things are obviously essential, even given a genuine gift, and real application. You have to learn, thoroughly, the basic mechanics of reproduction and publishing. You have to learn how to meet a deadline. And perhaps most of all, you have to be a kind of frustrated teacher, always itching to pass things on, to share them and make them plainer — because in the long run, that's what illustration is

In the end I can't say much more than, find a subject that genuinely excites you; illustrate it as well as you can; and show your work to every agent and publisher you can track down. And, of course, you have to accept that the learning process is going to last for the rest of your life.

A final feu de joie... McBride has occasionally had the chance to paint 'fantasy' illustrations; and although we hasten to assure readers that 'MI' intends to remain faithful to historical subjects, we see no reason to pass up the fun of reproducing these preliminary sketches of Tolkien's Orcs; and 'Night Rider', a fantasy scene in gouache produced for a private commission.

Anatomy of a Special Forces Camp (1)

GORDON L. ROTTMAN Paintings by RONALD B. VOLSTAD

During America's involvement in the Vietnam War, the men of the US Army Special Forces carried out many and varied missions. Hollywood fantasies notwithstanding, the backbone of the SF task in Vietnam was the leading rôle played by the 'Green Berets' in the Civilian Irregular Defense Group programme, and in the operations of the indigenous 'strikers' whose contribution evolved from that programme. In this serial article a veteran of these operations describes the actual design, structure, equipment, personnel and routine of a strike force camp, and the nature and combat operations of the strikers themselves.

Between 1961 and 1970 the US Army Special Forces (USSF) established and operated almost 200 strike force camps in the Republic of Vietnam, although there were usually no more than 40 or so in existence at any one time. The CIDG (pronounced 'cidge') programme began in 1961, sponsored by the USSF, as an effort to train various minority groups in hamlet defence. By 1963 it had expanded; and more ambitious tasks than local security were assigned. Besides 43,000 hamlet militia, there were another 18,000 CIDG involved in strike force, mountain scout, and border surveillance missions. This substantial force was advised and supported by only two USSF B Teams and 22 A Teams. The programme continued to grow; and by 1969, at its height, some 40,000 CIDG (equivalent to the combat elements of divisions) assigned to Camp Strike Forces (CSF), along with almost 50 USSF A Teams and eight B Teams.

SPECIAL FORCES DEPLOYMENT

Initially USSF teams were deployed to Vietnam and attached to the US Military Assistance Advisory Group, Vietnam. In 1962 US Army Special Forces Vietnam (Provisional) - USASFV - was formed to control all incountry SF elements. The various teams were provided by the 1st, 5th, and 7th Special Forces Groups (Airborne) - SFGA. In 1964 USASFV was replaced by phasing in the 5th SFGA. Until 3 March 1971, when it was returned to the USA, the 5th SFGA controlled all SF elements in Vietnam. It was directly subordinate to Military Assistance Command, Vietnam - MACV which controlled all US forces; it was not under US Army, Vietnam - USARV - which was responsible for most US Army units.

In 1969 the 5th SFGA was deployed as follows: bold type traces the chain of command down to our subject camp at Chi Linh: Special Forces Operations Base (SFOB): Nha Trang. The SFOB included the Group Headquarters and Company, Headquarters Company E (Signal), Logistical Support Center, and numerous Military Intelligence, Signal, and Engineer Detachments.

Companies C, B, A and D were responsible for USSF elements in I, II, III and IV Corps Tactical Zones (CTZ) respectively. The company's C Team (company head-quarters) provided command



and control as well logistical support to its teams. One or more B Teams, usually located in province capitals, provided a command and communications link between the A Teams located at CSF camps.(1) One B Team was responsible for the Mobile Strike Force, or Force', a regimental-sized airborne reaction force employed to reinforce or relieve threatened camps, as well as to conduct their own independent operations.

III CTZ, in which the author's camp was located, can be described as being in 'the northern half of the southern half of South Vietnam. Company A, 5th SFGA was commanded by Team C-3 from the ARVN Bien Hoa Military Base near Saigon; here too were located a Forward Logistical Facility and a CIDG hospital, a small number of CIDG support personnel, and a security company. Nearby was Team C-3 of the ARVN Airborne Special Forces (Lac Luong Dac Biet - LLDB).

Team B-36 was located at Long Hai, and comprised the 3d Mobile Strike Force Command. Three other B Teams were involved in the control of CSFs: B-32 at Tay Ninh, **B-33 at An Loc,** and B-34 at Song Be. Each B Team had about 30 USSF

Chi Linh's main gate, looking north up the entrance road towards the camp. The gate guard post is on the right. The gate sign was green with white lettering, and insignia in their natural colours. The small sign on the right signpost is a Chieu Hoi ('Open Arms') poster, offering clemency to any VC who willingly surrendered to South Vietnamese government authority. (This, and all other photos not otherwise credited are from the author's collection.)

personnel, and was colocated with an LLDB B Team. Each had in addition a CIDG CSF Company; and each B Team controlled four A Teams.

An Loc, the capital of Binh Long ('Peaceful Dragon') Province, was known as 'Ol' Fort Hon Quan' to the members of B-33, the self-styled 'Dirty Thirty of Thirty-Three'. Co-located with them was LLDB Team B-15. The four CSF camps and their related A Teams under B-33's control were Loc Ninh, A-331; Min Thanh, A-332; Chi Linh, A-333; and Tong Le Chon, A-334

In 1969 Binh Long Province was one of the war's

(1) A, B and C Teams were officially designated SF Operational Detachments A, B and C. Normal assignments to a company were one C Team (six officers, 12 NCOs), one Administrative Team (two officers, 13 enlisted men), three B Teams (six officers, 17 NCOs), and 12 A Teams (two officers, ten NCOs). Teams were augmented with additional personnel, and the number assigned to any given company varied widely.

A late 1967 aerial photo taken by an OV-1 Mohawk of the 73d Surveillance Airplane Company. Many of the camp's structures had been completed by this time, but when compared with the accompanying plan it will be seen that many features in the inner perimeter had changed by 1969. In 1967 the wire barriers were far from complete. The winding line around two thirds of the camp's northern perimeter was a drainage ditch; veterans should be assured that it was much shallower than it appears in the photo, and was stuffed with concertina wire... (US Army)

Below:

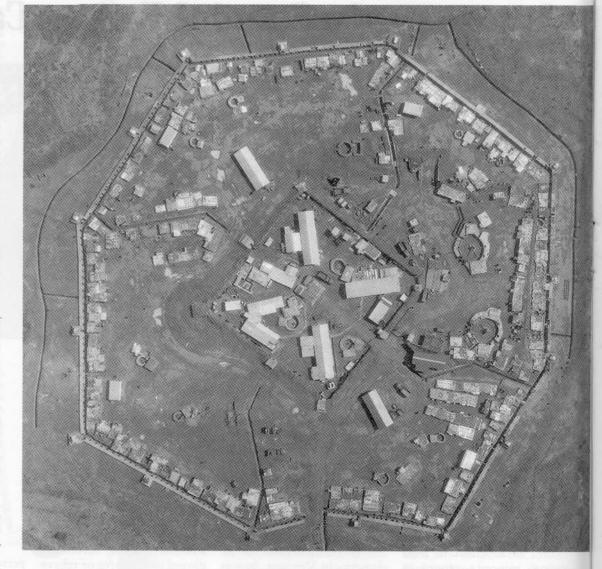
A schematic sketch of the camp's barrier wire; it is not to scale, and the distances between belts are compressed—the total depth of the system was about 100 metres.

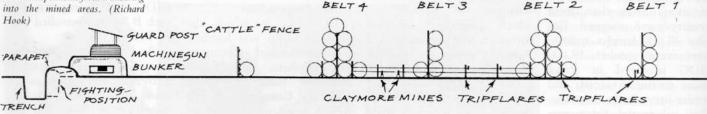
Belt 1: the outer barrier was constructed of single coils of concertina stacked three high with a fourth at the inside base. This 9-ft. high barrier was supported by long pickets reinforced by horizontal barbed wire strands and barbed wire guy lines.

Belt 2: this belt consisted of two layers of concertina stacked three coils high, with two more at the inner and outer base and a ninth along the top. This barrier, 11 ft. high, was supported in the same way as Belt 1.

Belt 3: as belt 1. Belt 4: as belt 2.

Belt 5: this was a 5 ft. high 'cattle fence' of five barbed wire strands, placed out of grenade range of the perimeter; it had a coil of concertina along the outside base. Apart from providing a final barrier, it prevented camp personnel and dependents from wandering into the mined areas. (Richard





hot spots. It bordered Cambodia, with its infamous 'Parrot's Beak' and 'Angel's Wing' areas, as well as lying on the western edge of War Zone 'D'. Large portions of the US 1st Infantry and 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) Divisions, the US 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment, and the 5th ARVN Infantry Divison were operating in the province.

No two CSF camps were exactly alike, although there were many similarities. The early camps were somewhat crude, and living conditions spartan. Buildings were con-

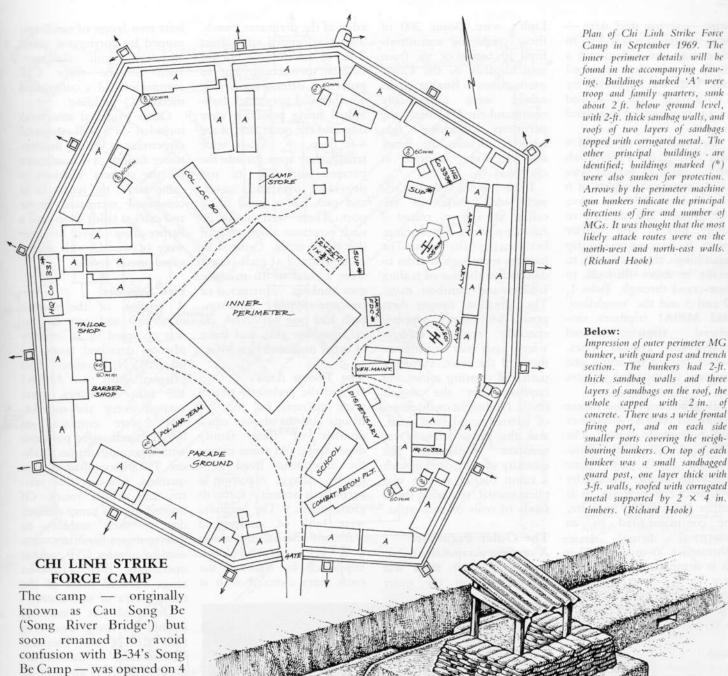
structed of local logs and thatch, scrounged corrugated metal, scrap lumber, and ammo crates. Weak defences consisted of a few machine gun bunkers, light mortar pits, a surrounding trench or berm (earth wall), *punji* stakes, some barbed wire, and occasionally a moat.

In the mid-1960s the camps began to be 'hardened' and to be termed 'fighting camps'. Allocations of machine guns, mortars and recoilless rifles were greatly increased. Trench-connected bunkered fighting positions were improved, and masses of barbed and concertina

wire were made available. Other amenities began to appear, such as power generators, refrigerators (for medicine, fresh food and beer), and movie projectors (for CIDG morale).

The perimeter of a CSF camp, usually dictated by terrain, could be of almost any shape: triangular, rectangular (often with indented sides), square, five-pointed star, pentagon, hexagon, octagon — or amoeba! The exact siting of a camp took into account soil conditions, drainage, location of villages, suitable airfield sites, use of existing terrain features, and

the location of dominating terrain features of use to the enemy. The camps were usually located in remote areas, often in regions where ARVN and US units seldom operated. First-tier camps established on the border with Cambodia were tasked with border surveillance and interdiction missions. Those placed in the second tier. further into the interior of the RVN, were situated so as to be able to interdict infiltration trails and to conduct area combat reconnaissance.



known as Cau Song Be ('Song River Bridge') but soon renamed to avoid confusion with B-34's Song Be Camp — was opened on 4 January 1967. (The author asked many Vietnamese what 'Chi Linh' meant, but nobody knew!) It was located about 18 km south-east of An Loc, on the north side of Interprovincial Route 14, and 3 km west of the Song Be River. Saigon was almost 90 km to the south.

The camp was established by USSF Team A-333 and LLDB *Toán* (Team) A-162, to interdict part of an infiltration trail known as 'Serge's Jungle Highway'⁽²⁾, an off-shoot of the Ho Chi Minh Trail running out of Cambodia. Its route followed the east side of the Song Be until it crossed over to the west some kilometres north of the camp, which was built directly on the trail. The Viet Cong and North

Vietnamese Army gave the CSF a rough time while the camp was under construction, including blowing up the Song Be bridge. Once completed, however, the camp was left in relative peace. The VC/NVA established new infiltration trails 5 to 6 km east of the Song Be in Phuoc Long Province, and these remained the CSF's principal interdiction mission.

Chi Linh was an octagonal camp about 200 m across. It

was built on flat ground in an area of very gently rolling low hills. The soil was red laterite, a coarse gravel offering good drainage. It was surrounded by dense bamboo growth interspersed with small patches of hardwood timber and brush. A study of Chi Linh Camp can best be accomplished by an orientation tour with one of the older hands, as given to personnel newly assigned to A-333.

In the Wire

Chi Linh was securely surrounded by an impressive array of wire obstacles. Beginning at the outermost barrier and working inwards through some 100 m of defences, we find that there are five belts, and two types of wire. Standard military barbed wire, not unlike its civilian equivalent, was issued in spools. Concertina

⁽²⁾ Named after the USAF Forward Air Control pilot who discovered it.

wire — spring steel wire — was wound in a coil 3 ft. in diameter, one coil giving a 50-ft. length when stretched out. Wire was supported by OD-painted steel U-shaped picket posts issued in several lengths.

Between belts 2, 3 and 4 was 'tanglefoot': a spiderweb arrangement of barbed wire tautly strung at heights of 6 in., 12 in. and 18 in. above the ground and secured to short pickets and barrier posts. Its purpose was to trip assaulting troops, and to make it more difficult to low-crawl through. Belts 1, 2 and 3 and the 'tanglefoot' had M49A1 tripflares emplaced: tripwire-activated magnesium ground flares, which burned for about one minute, illuminating an area up to 300 m in radius.

Between belts 3 and 4 were emplaced M18A1 Claymore anti-personnel mines. The Claymore is a fibreglassencased 11/2-lb. C4 Plastic Explosive charge fronted by 700 steel ball bearings. It is either detonated by tripwire, or command-fired by an electrical firing device through a 30-m wire. When it is detonated, ball bearings are blown in a fan-shaped pattern horizontally, lethal up to 250 metres. About 600. Claymores guarded Chi

Right:

Looking south from the .50 cal. MG tower, the Commo Bunker can be seen in the right foreground, and to the left rear the USSF Team House. One of two M37B1 ^{3/4} ton cargo trucks is parked near the Team House. The camp had an appearance simultaneously 'unfinished' and 'run down' — and both impressions were true...

Linh's wire. Some 200 of these could be command-fired in banks of six from switchboards in the Communications Bunker; the others were individually command-fired from the perimeter machine gun bunkers, where the firing devices were secured in clusters.

Belts 1 and 3 followed the eight-sided shape of the camp; the others traced a zig-zag pattern. The distance between the belts varied. The barriers were high in order to discourage the use of scaling ladders and bamboo mats. The greatest danger was posed by enemy sappers, specially trained soldiers whose task was to infiltrate through the wire, cutting a path and clearing mines and tripflares for the assault force. No height or thickness of barrier could stop them, and the only defence was vigilance. constant quantity of wire used in such a camp barrier system was phenomenal, requiring thousands of coils of concertina.

The Outer Perimeter

A sandbag parapet about 2 ft. high and 3½ ft. thick was constructed on the outer

edge of the perimeter trench. This was capped with about 2 in. of concrete - not for ballistic protection, but to prevent deterioration by weather and personnel. Individual firing positions were dug into the outer side of the 4-ft. deep, 31/2-ft. wide trench; they were cut into the parapet so that its top provided overhead cover, and each had a small firing port. There were about 30 such positions along each of the eight walls. Centred in each wall and at each corner were a total of 16 machine gun bunkers, constructed of concrete-capped sandbags; each had one M1919A6 .30 cal. machine gun, and three of them mounted two MGs.

The Troop Area

Behind the perimeter trench were quarters for the 394 troops and an almost equal number of their family dependents. (At some camps the dependents lived in a nearby village, requiring a permanent security force to guard them.) The quarters were built of sandbagged walls with floors sunk about 2 ft. below ground level. Supported by timbers, the roofs were covered with at

least two layers of sandbags, topped by corrugated metal anchored with sandbags. Each of the three CSF companies had a corrugated metal HQ building.

Other principal structures included a well-equipped dispensary, a vehicle maintenance facility, a schoolhouse for the strikers' children, a camp store, the *col loc bo* (a combined recreation room and café), a tailor shop, and a barber shop. Most of these were of wood, with corrugated metal roofs.

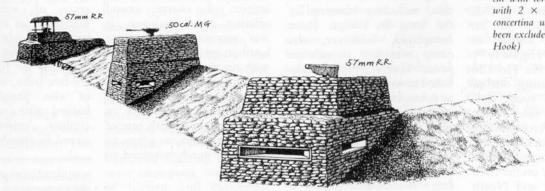
Fire Support

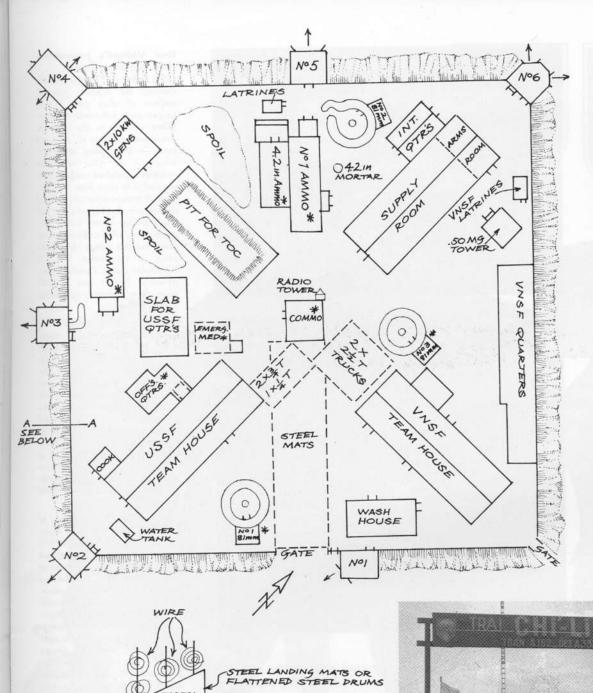
A portion of the camp's north-east and east interior was occupied by an artillery platoon detached from the 5th ARVN Division. This platoon, with two M10A1 105 mm howitzers, were rotated every six months. They were emplaced in heavily sandbagged positions with adjoining ammo bunkers. The platoon had its own quarters, fire direction centre, and supply room. Of limited use for camp defence due to their inability to deliver direct fire, they were used to support CSF combat operations; their 11,000-m range covered most of the camp's area of operations.

Dispersed at intervals around the troop area were nine M19 60 mm mortars. The interior of the aboveground pits was about 8 ft. across; the sandbag sides were 3 ft. high and 2 ft. thick. Each had an attached ammo bunker. Visitors were usually surprised that any given mortar did not fire into the perimeter section closest



Impression of the inner perimeter bunker line, south-west wall: from left to right, bunkers Nos. 4, 3 and 2. The bunkers were built of sandbags, not concrete capped, with 2-ft. thick walls built around 7-ft. square steel CONEX shipping containers. Firing ports were cut with torches and then framed with 2 × 12 in. lumber. The concertina wire on the berm has been excluded for clarity. (Richard Hook)





Chi Linh's inner perimeter contained the heart of the camp. The structures marked (*) were either underground or sunken. The USSF quarters had burned down in February 1969 and were in the process of being rebuilt behind the USSF Team House. A large Tactical Centre Operations (TOC) was also in the process of construction. Most of the USSF troops slept in the meantime in the Supply Room, Commo Bunker, or Emergency Medical Bunker. Each of the MG bunkers housed one or two M1919A6 .30 cal. MGs; bunkers Nos. 2, 4 and 6 each had an M18A1 57 mm recoilless rifle on the roof, and bunker 3 had a roof-mounted M2 .50 cal. MG. (Richard Hook)

Below:

The inner perimeter gate sign had yellow lettering on an OD ground, and insignia in natural colours. Behind the two M35 2½ ton cargo trucks can be seen the top of the supply room: we are looking almost due north. The 71-ft. radio mast is beside the Commo Bunker, above which flies the flag of the RVN: CSF camps were considered Vietnamese rather than American installations. Behind the 400-gal. 'water buffalo' water trailer is the end of the LLDB Team House.

to it, but rather across the camp into a sector on the far side. This was because the pits on the side attacked might be under direct fire; and because the minimum range of the mortars was 50 m, and their fire needed to be brought down CLOSE during an attack on the wire... Maximum effective range was 2,000 meters.

Additional fire support could be obtained from US fire support bases located to the north, south and west, in the form of 8 in. and 155 mm howitzers and 175 mm guns. Close air support and flare ships could be on station from Ben Hoa Air Base in 20 minutes; and 1st Cavalry

Division attack helicopters would follow shortly thereafter. A curtain of fire and steel could be placed around the camp; but in such cases the VC/NVA, being the soldiers that they were, could sometimes still get through.

A GROUND LEVEL

The Inner Perimeter

An inner perimeter, capable of holding out even if the rest of the camp was overrun, was added in the mid-1960s to all camps not having them already. Chi Linh's was square in shape, with a slope-fronted, 5 ft. high earth berm, about 8 ft. thick at its base. The inside was vertical and supported by corrugated metal, held in

place by barbed wire posts; numerous coils of concertina wire were strung on the berm's outer face.

Inside were the USSF and LLDB Team Houses and quarters, supply and arms rooms, interpreters' quarters, a washhouse with showers, two main ammo bunkers, underground communications and emergency medical bunkers, and two 10

Kw power generators. The above-ground structures had either wood or corrugated metal sides and corrugated metal roofs.

Emplaced inside this area were three M29 81 mm and one M30 4.2 in. mortars, in large sunken pits walled with concrete-capped sandbags. The 81 mm had a minimum range of 70 m and a maximum effective of 3,650

One of the camp chores: CIDG troops assisting the author to fuse rounds and cut charges on 4.2 in. HE projectiles. To their rear is 81 mm mortar pit No. 2, behind which is inner perimeter machine gun bunker No. 5 — we are looking north.

Below:

Caught napping in the camp's only M151 1/4 ton utility ('jeep') is one of the combat interpreters, a former North Vietnamese. Behind the jeep is 81 mm mortar pit No. 1, on which two artillery forward observers attached from the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) rest up while waiting to depart on a combat operation. The corrugated metal supporting the inner face of the inner perimeter berm can be seen in the background, and beyond it the camp dispensary (left) and camp school.

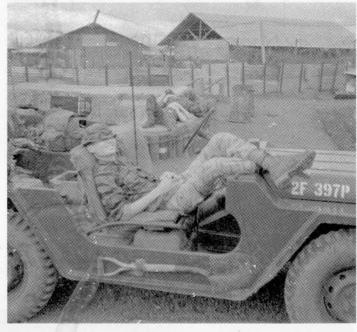
metres. The 4.2's minimum range of 700 m made it useless for defensive fire (except for illumination), but its 5,500-m maximum was useful for supporting local patrols.

Inner perimeter MG bunkers served a dual rôle. One was situated on each corner and side wall (apart from the north-east wall and east corner, which had none). Each housed an M1919A6; and some also mounted on their roofs weapons capable of firing into the camp's outer wire. These included three M18A1 57 mm recoilless rifles and one M2,50 cal. MG. Another .50 cal. was mounted on a 12-ft, tower near the north-east wall. (This was referred to as the 'CMH Tower', an allusion to the certainty of a posthumous Congressional Medal of Honor for anyone who tried to climb up there during an attack. An alternative interpretation was 'Casket with Metal Handles'.)

Outside the Camp

There was only one entrance to the camp, a road running from the south wall to the airstrip. On the west side of the entrance road was the POL (petrol, oil, lubricants) dump. A small guard shack stood near the outer barrier belt. At night the entrance was secured by several sets of wood frame and barbed wire gates, plus half a dozen coils





of concertina wire pulled across the road and rigged with tripflares and Claymores.

The most noticeable manmade feature outside the camp was a 3,500-ft. airstrip. The east-west runway was constructed directly Route 14, which provided substantial foundation. (Route 14 was not usable anyway, since the VC had long ago destroyed the half-dozen or so small bridges and culverts between the Song Be and Chon Thanh District Capital to the west, in order to prevent its use as an attack route toward their infiltration trail.) The packed laterite of the runway was tested to a compactness equivalent to 94% of concrete: it could handle any aircraft up to and including C-130s. There were turnaround pads on the east and west sides of the camp, the latter doubling as a heli-pad.

Across the runway from the main gate was a small rifle range; near it was a demolitions pit where defective, dud, climate-deteriorated and captured munitions were blown up.

A village, Son La, stood just over 2 km to the east of the camp, about 300 m north of Route 14; its population was about 300 Stieng montagnards. This was the only populated place in Chi Linh's area of operations.

Recommended reading:

Rottman, G.L., US Army Special Forces 1952-84 (Osprey Elite Series No.4; London, 1985)

Simpson, Col. C.M. III, *Inside the Green Berets* (Presidio Press; Novato, CA, 1983)

Stanton, S.L., Green Berets at War (Presidio Press; Novato, CA, 1985) Ron Volstad's reconstructions opposite show:

(1) A member of Team A-333, wearing the typical 'garrison uniform of olive green jungle fatigues with full-colour insignia. When working in the camp he would normally shed the shirt and wear - if anything above the an OG or white undershirt. Subdued insignia were required to be worn from 1968 on, but each team member was required to have one shirt badged up in full colour to don when 'VIPs' (i.e. anyone from a US unit) visited the camp. Insignia include the LLDB patch on the pocket, the US Parachutist Badge, Combat Infantryman's Badge, and LLDB jump-wings honorarily awarded to USSF personnel.

(2) This CIDG 'striker' of Co.331 (Montagnard) wears issue olive green fatigues rather than the tigerstripe camouflage worn on combat operations. The only insignia normally seen was the CIDG Camp Strike Force patch; while there was a CIDG rank insignia system (horizontal stripes, worn in the French manner between the second and third buttons on the front of the shirt), it was seldom worn. The footwear are the popular 'Bata boots' made by that Canadian company. Note brass tribal bracelet.

(3) This 1st Lieutenant of LLDB Team A-162 wears standard LLDB (and ARVN Ranger) camouflage uniform, and the LLDB badge on a beret worn French style'. He wears subdued insignia, but full-colour equivalents were also common. He wears an honorarily-awarded US Parachutist Badge; LLDB jump-wings were correctly worn over the right breast pocket, and any foreign badges on the left. His privately-purchased .38 Special revolver would normally be worn even in camp: revolvers were considered a sign of officer status.

(4) These Stieng montagnard ladies are typical of the CIDG families living in the camp. Black clothing was favoured by the 'Yards' and was often decorated with bands of tribal colours: in the case of the Stieng, red and white. The child's clothing probably came from a US aid package; she carries a hammock, in which she napped while her mother cut firewood. The Stieng were the southernmost and least developed of the 18 montagnard tribal groups; an easy-going people who quickly developed bonds with the USSF personnel, they also proved to be excellent fighters due to their ability to live in harmony with their native jungle, and their many natural fieldcraft skills.

To be continued: Part 2 will describe camp routine, the strike force, and a combat operation.



(2) Thomas Noel Harris, Brigade Major, 1815

PHILIP J. HAYTHORNTHWAITE

Rare uniforms abound in public and private collections; yet the majority have no discernible history. But very rarely there appears an item which, because of historical association, can truly be described as a national treasure; one such is illustrated here, never before published. A number of garments exist which purport to have been worn at the Battle of Waterloo, but few are so undeniably authentic as the coat of Captain Thomas Noel Harris, which remains exactly as it was removed from the wearer on 19 June 1815 in a makeshift surgery in the ruins of the chateau of Hougoumont.

The survival of what is now one of the most important relics of the Napoleonic Wars, considering the circumstances in which it was last worn, is remarkable. For its preservation posterity is indebted to the Harris family, who originally conserved the bloodstained relic; and to its successive owners, including the renowned authority John B. Hayward, who passed on the garment to its present custodian, Alan Harrison. Without the care of all these, a priceless relic would have been lost; and the present author is especially grateful to Alan Harrison, who allowed the coat to be examined and published.

Thomas Noel Harris was born on 9 October 1783, son of the Rev. Hamlyn Harris, vicar of Exton, near Oakham, and later rector of Whitwell (Rutland) and vicar of Campden (Gloucester-

Portrait of Harris wearing what appears to be the unrecorded uniform of an ADC to a general of hussars — note 'Staff loop' on collar, and compare with snuffbox portrait of Capt. Charles Wood published in the first part of this serial article, 'MI'No.8 p.41. The colouring of this engraving appears to be identical to that in the Wood portrait. This likeness is dated by his family to 'about 1809', but it is almost certainly contemporary with his posting to Germany in 1813.

shire). Thomas was educated at Uppingham, and in February 1801 was commissioned ensign in the 87th Foot. He became a lieutenant in the 52nd in 1802, in the 25th Foot in 1804, and in the 18th Light Dragoons in 1805, in which regiment he became a captain. In 1808 he exchanged to the 7th Fusiliers, and later in the same year to the 1st Dragoons; but, after a few days on the roll of that regiment, he sold his commission at his father's wish following the death of Thomas's only brother, Henry. An officer in the service of the East India Company, Henry had been captured and murdered by hostiles in Burma, 'in circumstances of peculiar atrocity', being flayed alive.

ADC IN GERMANY

In 1811 the lure of a military career proved too strong, and Rev. Harris procured for his son a cornetcy in the 13th Light Dragoons, from which he returned to his old regiment, the 18th Light Dragoons (Hussars). In the Peninsular War he served at Fuentes de Oñoro, Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos as Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, being twice wounded: once by a sabre-cut on the forehead, and at Badajos, where his knee was hit by a stone splinter.

In 1813, as ADC to Sir



Charles Stewart (British representative with the Allied armies in Germany) he was attached to Bernadotte's HQ, and was present at Grossbeeren, Dennewitz and Leipzig; and from the entry into France he served with Blücher's headquarters. (His fellow ADC Charles Wood was the subject of John Mollo's preceding article in 'MI' No.8.) 'Most active and intrepid in all his duties' (according to Stewart), he served with St. Priest at Rheims (where he charged with the Prussian cavalry); and was the first Allied officer to report the presence of the French at La Fère-Champenoise, discovered whilst scouting with a Cossack patrol. Harris was selected for the honour of bearing to England the despatch announcing the fall of Paris - an honour which almost cost his life. After evading the French, he was attacked by Cossacks who mistook him for a French officer; his 'military collar' turned a slash against his neck, and his hat was cut to pieces before his Russian escort intervened (resulting in his arrival in London wearing 'a common Dragoon's foraging cap').

As the bearer of the despatch Harris became a celebrity, meeting the Prince Regent and dining with Lord Liverpool, and being reported widely in the press; but he soon afterwards rejoined Stewart. For his services he received the Prussian Pour le Merite (a singular distinction for an Englishman), and the Orders of St. Vladimir and St. Anne of Russia. He was promoted to a company in the York Chasseurs; and then to the 36th Foot, serving as ADC in Ireland until the renewal of hostilities, when on 1 April 1815 he was appointed Brigade Major to Sir Hussey Vivian's Hussar Brigade (10th, 18th and 1st King's German Legion Hussars).

WITH VIVIAN AT WATERLOO

A Brigade Major (or 'Major of Brigade') was the only full-time staff officer serving at brigade level, the liaison between brigade commander and general headquarters an indispensible function filled by a captain or major:

'The detail of the Duty of the Brigade rests entirely on the Brigade Major. He is considered an Officer attached to the Brigade, not personally to the Officer commanding it. His Station on a March is in front of the leading Regiment of the Brigade; he is to encamp in the rear of the centre of the Brigade. The Brigade Major...is to be constantly in the Lines of the Camp of the Brigade. Majors of Brigade...are, as soon as possible, to notify their General's Quarters at Head Quarters. It is the business of the Brigade Major to call in the Guards belonging to the Brigade previous to March. No Officer under the Rank of a General Officer, unless he commands the Brigade (the Adjutant General excepted), has any right to give Directions to the Major of Brigade on the general Parade, or to interfere with any Party he is parading, till the Major of Brigade delivers it over to the Officer who is to command it'(1).

These duties were as dangerous as they were important, as proved at Waterloo. Out of 14 Brigade Majors present at the battle, only six came through unscathed⁽²⁾, a casualty-rate of 57%, far higher than for regimental duty in all but extreme cases (at Waterloo, for example, the 1/27th Foot had only three unscathed officers out of 19, a casualtyrate of over 84%).

Thomas Noel Harris was one who attended the Duchess of Richmond's ball in Brussels on the eve of Quatre Bras, wearing the uniform

distinguished, he apparently cut a dashing figure. He was in high spirits before Waterloo, emptying part of his canteen over his cousin, Lt. John Clement Wallington, 10th Hussars, to 'baptise' him as a soldier!

During the battle Harris was under fire for much of the day, having two horses shot from under him; but was unhurt until the final advance. Sgt. Matthew Colgan, 'coverer' of Capt. George Luard, who commanded the centre squadron of the 18th Hussars, recalled how the regiment sat chafing with inaction under a galling fire, until Harris rode up and exclaimed: '18th! You are about to charge: the General trusts to past experience that you will act as soldiers, and I know you will, 18th!' (Harris knew, and was known by the regiment from his service in

He then led a squadron in the charge of Vivian's brigade from the Mont St. Jean ridge through the centre of the French position. As he charged a body of infantry, Harris was struck by a musket ball which pierced his right side, and by a grapeshot which shattered his right arm. It is reasonable to suppose that the units he attacked were part of the Imperial Guard and covering artillery which were retiring: the 2/1st and 2/2nd Chasseurs à Pied and 2/2nd Grenadiers à Pied. The ball which struck Harris probably came from the 2/1st Chasseurs, the nearest unit.

AMPUTATION AT HOUGOUMONT

The injuries were severe, as is obvious from the amount of blood which stains the coat today. However, Harris somehow survived ordeal of lying out all night on the field, and was found early next morning by his cousin Clement Wallington and Sir Hussey Vivian, who had set out to look for him. Unable to speak, Harris attracted their attention by a low whistle. They carried him to the nearest dressing station at Hougoumont, where his coat was cut off, the sleeve being slit up through the shoulder and the collar. His right arm was amputated immediately: an operation he bore with fortitude, even remarking to the surgeon as the limb was carried away that, as he had been acquainted with it so long, he wished to shake hands with the severed arm 'once more before parting'!

From Hougoumont he was taken to Brussels in a cart (Wallington supporting Harris's head on his knees to alleviate the worst of the jolting); and was billeted in the house of a Belgian lady. 'It is, indeed, a blessing to have such a nurse as I have; she has scarcely ever left my room', he wrote ten days later. Though he mistakenly reported that 'the ball is out of my body', it apparently thought dangerous to extract, and was the cause of considerable suffering in later years. As soon as he was able, Harris rejoined his brigade in Paris, where Blücher (his friend from 1813-14) was shocked by his appearance. Embracing him, the old Prussian remarked, 'Ach, mein lieber Harris, I do complain vou much', in characteristically bad English. So highly did he regard Harris that Blücher gave him a portrait, a lock of hair, three feathers from his hat, and even the gold ring which he often wore.

HARRIS IN LATER LIFE

Despite his injuries, Harris remained remarkably active: a superb carriage driver, he continued to hunt regularly, and to shoot left-handed with light guns; and even saved himself from drowning by swimming two miles to Portsmouth after his yacht sank. He was a renowned raconteur with a fund of anecdotes; and continued to



shown here; handsome and (1) Superior numerals refer to the notes at the end

of this article.

Portrait of Harris painted in about 1838, apparently in his old 18th Hussars uniform, with a mameluke-hilted sabre. Among his decorations can be made out (low, central) the blue-enamelled Pour le Merite, which he wore in later life when travelling on the Continent, attracting salutes from every Prussian soldier he passed! The very plain forage cap is unusual for a formal portrait; and we recall that he was described in the Morning Chronicle of 6 April 1814 as wearing 'a white foraging cap' when delivering his famous despatch announcing the fall of Paris. Who knows: perhaps he acquired a taste for such headgear, as a kind of personal affectation?



practice his doubtless intensely irritating trick of unhorsing people by putting his hand under their foot and tipping them out of the saddle.

He may best be judged, however by the affection be

He may best be judged, however, by the affection he inspired among his acquaintances. Matthew Colgan of the 18th Hussars was devoted to his old captain, who apparently gave the exsergeant financial help at a critical time; in return, before his death, Colgan sent Harris his Waterloo Medal.

Harris was granted a pension of £200 p.a. in respect of his incapacity through injury; and received from Hussey Vivian, on behalf of the brigade, a two-handled gold loving cup 23/4 lb. in weight, engraved: 'Presented, 6th October, 1815, To Captain Thomas Noel Harris, Brigade Major to the Hussars, By a Few Friends, As a Mark of the Respect and Admiration they entertain for his Gallantry during the most glorious Campaigns in which Great Britain ever was engaged'.

In October 1815 he was appointed to a troop in the King's Dragoon Guards, but





The collar of Harris's Waterloo coat, right side, from rear, showing the cut made when the garment was removed at Hougoumont; the collar embroidery, 'tassel' to the rear; and the stitching for the aiguillette on the right shoulder, which was no doubt removed before the coat was cut.

friends to celebrate the anniversary of Waterloo. On 23 March 1860, after a period of ill-health, Sir Thomas Noel Harris, KH, died, and was buried amid four yew trees in the churchyard of Ham. A stained glass window in St. Lawrence's Church, Isle of Thanet, commemorated this gallant officer, who 'served and bled for his country in the glorious campaigns...'.

THE UNIFORM

All staff officers wore uniform of a similar style: a scarlet long-tailed coat with white turnbacks and lining, dark blue facings and (usually) gold lace. There existed a wide variety of rank and departmental variations, quite apart from nonregulation garments which resulted from personal idiosyncracy. There were two types of each uniform: 'laced' (with embroidered decorations) or 'plain', with thread loops instead of metallic embroidery, the latter the preferred wear on campaign. There existed a tradition in the Harris family that Thomas was called away from the Duchess of Richmond's ball in such haste that 'no time was afforded to change the red, swallow-tailed Court dress coat...for his usual regimental uniform'(3). Such statements are often encountered in relation to the ball; but in Harris's case it is certainly false, for the uniform he wore at Waterloo (and doubtless at the ball) was

his ordinary, 'plain' coat. Majors of Brigade and Aides-de-Camp were ordered to wear single-breasted coats with nine buttons on the breast, and three (two over one) on each cuff and skirt - though eight buttons on the breast, in pairs, seems to have been at least as common. Two patterns of cuff seem to have existed: the

Recently re-united with the Harris coat is this Waterloo Medal, with replacement suspension bar. It was awarded to Sgt. Matthew Colgan, 18th Hussars, who presented it to his old captain before his death - a touching token of respect, since this was doubtless Colgan's most valued possession.

type worn by Harris with V-shaped upper perhaps for cavalry appointments; and another with square-cut upper edge following infantry style.

The embroidered loops were of foliate design with a 'tassel' at the outer end, described in a tailor's pattern as 'saw edges and ruff purl loops through the centre, and gold tassels at the end'(4). A later pattern mentions an ADC's coat with ten loops, in pairs. For the 'plain' coat, only the loops upon the collar and cuffs were of metallic embroidery; the remainder were of thread 'twist'.

The epaulettes worn with these coats varied with branch and date, and even for officers of field rank (usually signified by two epaulettes), Majors of Brigade and ADCs wore only one. In 1799 Majors of Brigade and ADCs of infantry were ordered to wear one epaulette, on the right shoulder, and cavalry on the left shoulder. In 1811 cavalry appointments were ordered to remove the epaulette and wear instead an

aiguillette on the right shoulder; but on 16 December 1814 the aiguillette was removed and the single epaulette on the left shoulder was restored. (According to contemporary pictures, the aiguillette was simpler than that of general officers, having a plaited shoulder strap but unplaited hanging cords.) For Majors of Brigade and ADCs the buttons were plain and polished (those on Harris's coat were made by Bushey of St. Martin's Lane); the only difference between the two appointments was that ADCs wore gold embroidery, and Majors of Brigade

Typical of the unofficial variations which existed is the fact that Harris's coat, though of the prescribed Brigade Major's style with gilt buttons and silver embroidery, was some six months out of date at the time of Waterloo. There are marks on the right shoulder which indicate clearly that an aiguillette was worn, not the epaulette on the left which had replaced the aiguillette officially in December 1814. This can hardly be explained by Harris rushing to join the army in the Netherlands with his old ADC uniform, for in that case the embroidery would have been gold. His Brigade Major's coat must have been new for the 1815 campaign, yet retained the outdated aiguillette of cavalry appointment. As the aiguillette was stitched to the shoulder (not affixed by laces like an epaulette), with cords looping around onto the breast, it would obviously impair the removal of the coat by the surgeon; so it is almost certain that the aiguillette was cut off at the dressing-station at Hougoumont, and never seen again.

With this uniform was worn the ordinary bicorn hat, and either breeches and Hessian boots or overalls, with the universal crimson waist-sash of rank and a waist-belt supporting sword, which in Harris's case may well have been the 'mameluke' sabre carried during his service in the 18th Hussars.

Notes

(1) General Regulations and Orders for the Army, 1811, p.27.

(2) Major Michael Childers, 11th Light Dragoons; Capt. Walter Crofton, 54th Foot, killed; Capt. Charles Eeles, 95th Foot, killed; Capt. Gottfried von Einem, King's German Legion; Capt. Gunthorpe, 1st Foot Guards; Capt. Thomas Noel Harris, wounded; Capt. Stephen Holmes, 78th Foot; Major Thomas Hunter-Blair, 91st Foot, wounded; Capt. Charles Jones, 15th Hussars; Major Thomas Reignolds, 2nd Dragoons, killed; Capt. George Richter, 1st Ceylon Regt.; Major Harry G.W. Smith, 95th Foot, wounded; Brevet-Major Charles Smyth, 95th Foot, killed; Capt. William Stothert, 3rd Foot Guards, killed.

(3) Harris (see source list) p.37. (4) Pattern-book of Messrs. Herbert, quoted SAHR (see source list)

Sources

Harris's career is detailed in Brief Memoir of the late Lt. Col. Sir Thomas Noel Harris, K.H. (Clement B. Harris, London, 1893); this article has been written with the use of a presentation copy with additional MS annotations by the author. Uniform details are covered most fully in The Staff Uniform of the British Army 1767-1855 (Maj. N.P. Dawnay, Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research, Vol. XXXI, 1953, esp. pp.98-105).

Royal Marine Commandos in the Field, 1980-83

BRIEN HOBBS Paintings by KEVIN LYLES

This article, which might be sub-titled 'What The Well-Dressed Rifleman Was Wearing That Year', may be seen as a natural and valuable sequel to Paul Hannon's description of Royal Marine Commando uniforms and equipment in the Falklands campaign ('MI' No.2). The author saw, and made use of, many 'variations on a theme' during his nine years' service as a Commando; and we are confident that readers will find interesting the degree to which dress and kit actually worn in the field differed from regulations.

Though present during the Falklands conflict, I can add nothing of great value to Paul Hannon's coverage; and I propose to record here my observations during three phases of my service career both before and after that campaign. The choice of time frame is dictated simply by the fact that it was in 1980 that I acquired a decent camera, and decided to record day-to-day life.

No doubt, the combinations of clothing and equipment noted here represent only a few of the many. They do, however, provide an interesting contrast to 'pusser's full combats and G1098 webbing'; and they also demonstrate that each individual has his own ideas about making himself at home in the field. Every man I know has spent a great deal of money and time adding to what is really a very basic issue. It is to the credit of most commanding officers that they foster this interest, and allow extensive use of privately purchased kit (outside barracks - which is where it counts).

SOUTH ARMAGH

Some notes first on South Armagh, and the background against which the following descriptions of clothing and equipment should be understood:

Patrols would last anything from a few hours to ten or more days; the average

Though present during the Falklands conflict, I can add nothing of great value to Paul Hannon's coverage; and I propose to record here my observations during three was three to five days. Observation Post (OP) work could be of indefinite duration, with sections relieving one another in situ. It usually rained.

Weapon safety had to be uppermost in the mind of the man in the field. Once you experience it, you never forget crashing to earth, fully laden, from those blasted



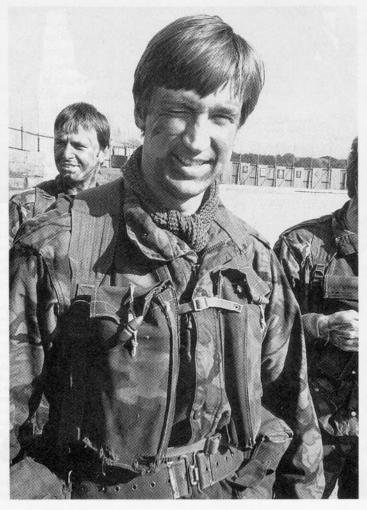
drystone walls, sometimes made more interesting by a thick blackthorn hedge - a drop of six feet or more, often in pitch darkness, to be negotiated every 100 m or so. After a particularly catastrophic fall an LMG (Bren) gunner could find himself carrying the barrel, minus the rest of the weapon. Safety catches would have to be checked constantly; our troop's weapons were always cocked. Rounds sprang loose from magazines, so strips of

Rather obscured by my position (which does show the rear of the 'Bren pouch' set), this photo shows typical short-duration patrol rig, and I believe it was taken on the way to have a look at 'Slab' Murphy's farm: South Armagh, 1980. Generally, tropical DPMs were worn as a matter of course, except in Newry or possibly on town patrol in Crossmaglen, where OG denims would be seen. The Barbour-type waterproof jacket is an Orion by Nevisport, of which the troop held a number. These were non-reflective, and no noisier than ordinary clothing; they were very comfortable and, if looked after, could be relied upon to keep water out. The issue waterproofs were totally inadequate: unlike waxed cotton, they made us sweat; and they made loud swishing noises when we moved. Rain had to be imminent for Barbours to be worn as a top layer instead of DPM: at some times of year it could rain six or seven times a day, and continual stops to change clothing would have been ridiculous.

Berets were always worn when moving, to avoid 'blue-on-blue contacts'. My personal choice of footwear at this time were Patrick walking boots with khaki wool hose-tops worn rolled over. These had tongues sewn all the way up, and being dubbined they saved many a wet hoof until they finally gave out at the end of the tour; a dewy morning would have the polish off DMS boots in no time.

Left:

41 Cdo. RM, Bessbrook, 1980: the author waiting for a chopper in good weather, for a short patrol, and thus in good humour. Note the camo-painted Second World War 'Bren pouch' chest rig, in addition to basic fighting order of belt, yoke, two ammo pouches; I also carried two water bottle pouches, one containing a Bluet cooker and various beverages and field dressings. I carried 11 magazines for the LMG: three in each belt pouch, two in each chest pouch, and one on the gun. The marine behind me, Paul Moretta, was one of several who wore US webbing fighting order. (All photographs are from the author's collection.)





Kevin Lyles's reconstructions from the author's photographs show: (A) Recce Troop, 41 Cdo. RM; Bessbrook, South Armagh, 1980.

Mne. 'Doc' Doughty, in typical patrol rig, has removed his beret as he waits for helicopter insertion. He wears a French parachute smock with British DPM tropical 'denims', leather gloves and rubber overboots. His webbing is of US Army pattern, and he carries an AR15 rifle; the Remington Wingmaster shown by his 'SAS' bergen is a back-up weapon only, in case of need to stop a vehicle in a hurry; it has a sling improvised from para-cord and tape.

(B) Marine in 'ghillie suit', Naval Party 8901; East Falkland, spring 1982.

Most marines possess a home-made camouflage headdress, plus modified baggy camouflage jacket, for stalking, sniper or OP work. A sniper's DPM smock — basically a para-smock with lower pockets moved to the side rear, sling hooks on both sleeves, and padding at shoulders and elbows — has been seen in 41 Cdo., and there are believed to be trousers to make up an issue DPM sniper suit; but these would be issued to PW3(S) marines who hold the official sniping qualification. The rig illustrated is more or less typical of the improvised version.

The old Denison smock was quite common, as were '43 windproof camo smocks and trousers. Headdress was made from netting painted and covered with scrim, built up round a combat, Arctic or bush cap, often with bits cut off it. The headgear had to be secured to the shoulders, and not too shaggy, so that you could see your way, and so as not to get entangled with foliage. Hessian was often worn round the boots; and combat gloves were camopainted. For stalking it is best to be as little encumbered with equipment as possible. Extra ammo, binoculars, etc. would be carried in the pockets, under the smock, or in extra pockets sewn under the armpits or on the hips. The weapon would be camouflaged, but care was needed not to obscure the sights or jam the action.

(C) LMG gunner, 40 Cdo. RM; South Armagh, 1983.

The author wears typical patrol rig for very rainy weather, when the Nevisport Orion jacket might be worn over, rather than under the DPM smock. The beret has the badge blackened. 'Combats' or tropical DPM trousers would be worn, with in this case German paratroop jump-boots, and black combat gloves. The fighting order consists of the belt, yoke, two magazine pouches and two water bottle pouches from the British '58 equipment, plus camouflage-painted Second World War 'Bren pouches' privately acquired. In fighting order the two '58 ammo

tape had to be applied across the magazine openings and baseplates.

On patrols of over 24 hours a considerable weight was carried. A typical load for a gunner might be an LMG, 300 rounds in magazines, two water bottles. radio batteries, binoculars, food for five days, protective clothing, sleeping bag and shelter quarter. The Radio Operator would generally carry the most weight. If the section (four men: Section Commander, 2IC, R/O and Gunner) were carrying extra equipment for a specific task, loads were distributed as fairly as possible. On many occasions I saw a man who fell while crossing an obstacle quite unable to get up again, lying on his back waving his arms and legs like a turned beetle. Once the rest of the section had pulled themselves together (a prostrate section commander would get the most laughs) it usually took two men to get him on his feet again. Those living in the roof of Bessbrook Mill may have fond memories of the postoperational climb up to the accommodation...

Although all parts of this article have a 'Recce Troop bias', it must be stressed that the Rifle and Support Companies had by far the most tedious tasks, with very little

time to relax; Recce Troop were more fortunate in that we were used for specific tasks.

41 COMMANDO RM, JUNE-NOVEMBER 1980

This was my first tour as a member of a Reconnaissance Troop. The unit itself was exceptional, with extremely high morale, and thorough preparatory training behind it. There was a lot of leeway for personal camouflage, particularly at Crossmaglen, where F Coy. and one troop of E Coy. held sway. They camouflaged their weapons in a way which I had never seen before: all parts of the weapon whose free operation would not be hindered by it were covered with stickybacked towelling bandage painted in camouflage colours. (It was forbidden to paint the weapons themselves, although the wooden/ plastic furniture could be camouflaged.) This broke up the outline very effectively.

Many men had obtained various pouches and other webbing, such as '44 pattern water bottle pouches for all-purpose use, or foreign gear. An alternative was to acquire their own extra '58 pattern gear and camouflage it with face paints of various colours. I carried stubs of green, brown and black greasepaint in an old lozenge

tin; some had sticks of American two-tone green.

The combination of all this attention to detail, and, I can only assume, the tacit encouragement of the company commanders (the men who really run things in Northern Ireland) contributed towards a very professional outlook. I can honestly say that in four trips (including three to South Armagh) I have never seen a unit so completely in control of its patch. There is a world of difference between this attitude, and what one might call the 'pearlhandled Colt' approach.

Next door, at Forkhill, 2 Para maintained a company. (My section were extremely well looked after when we visited this location, without the slightest hint of animosity. The troop had completed additional training at 2 Para's base in Ballykinler. Contrary to popular legend, I would say that the relationship between Marines and Paras was not unfriendly, though one of very sharp rivalry; individuals usually get on well, although groups keep themselves to themselves.) This local combination of Marines and Paras forced the Provos to adopt a very low profile. The only way to tell is by lack of activity, rather than the other way around: they are always watching and waiting for an opportunity.

South Armagh, 1980: long patrol, out for five days, on this occasion remaining at the notorious cutting on the Concession Road near border crossing H29C. As this was an overt operation to show a strong presence there were 16 of us - half that number, or less, was more usual. We stayed in position doing vehicle checks for several hours, with a strong protective element; moved away; then returned - and so on, for the duration of the patrol. The gunners took it in turns with others to scan the surroundings to protect those at the roadside, the men on sentry wearing fighting order at all times. Mne. Mick Wilkins wears a para smock and lightweight denims.

pouches would be linked across the rear with a bootlace tied to the rings for the poncho roll, to avoid too much movement. The L4A4 LMG is marked '7.62' in black on a red patch; all the author's magazines were marked with green tape as a personal identification.



The author with Marines Mark Gibson and Martin Spencer: 40 Cdo. RM, 1983. Waiting to go out to the heli-pad, we all wear Arctic windproofs. The other two wear tropical DPM 'denims' (trousers); I decided that cotton 'combats' would give better protection against a blast-incendiary, since they do not melt. I am wearing 'Bren pouches' painted with yellow and green camo, under fighting order, with self-focussing binoculars round my neck. The SLR propped against the blast wall behind Spence can just be seen to have a GPMG bipod fitted. Beside it is a Berghaus day-pack.

Many non-standard items of clothing and equipment were seen, and some examples were as follows:

Equipment

US Army webbing, both individual pouches and full sets of fighting order.

PAD bags: a Projector Area Defence was a small Claymore mine. This came in a small, dark green, Velcrofastened waterproof pouch which could be fixed to the waist belt or carried satchelfashion. When the mine had been expended the pouch became a sought-after item. IS pouches: Internal Security pouches were designed to be hung on a waist belt without a volk being required, but they were usually worn to supplement the normal pouches. They were made by the unit coach trimmer, of OG canvas, and consisted of SLR-magazine-size pouches on one piece of material, with snap-fastened covering flaps.

Second World War issue 'Bren magazine' chest rigs, of dark brown canvas with toggle fasteners, or modified with Velero

SUIT pouches: small pouches of similar material to the PAD bag or Arctic bergen, ostensibly for the Sight Unit Infantry Trilux, although used in practice for everything but.

Canvas belt containing six grenades for the M79 launcher, similar in colour to ordinary rifle ammo bandoliers, and worn over webbing. The M79 was discarded by the troop half way through the tour.



Individual Weapon Sight bag: the IWS bag was generally used to carry the sight when it was not required, but also for camera gear, flasks, etc. It was heavily padded and waterproof, large enough for the IWS, its batteries and mounting. Olive green in colour, it was worn slung across the body on a carrying strap.

Weapons

The M79 grenade launcher; the Remington Wingmaster shotgun with three-round magazine extension and with stock removed; the AR15 with 20- or 30-round magazine. Only our section used the Rifle No.4 Mk.1(T) sniper rifle, as there were not enough L42s in the unit.

Clothing

Barbour-type waxed cotton jackets; French camouflaged smock and trousers; '43 pattern windproof camouflaged trousers (very common); all varieties of woollen hats and jumpers; German para-boots; desert boots; various high boots and walking boots, too numerous to list.

40 COMMANDO RM, JANUARY-MAY 1983

This period was in total contrast to my time with 41 Cdo.; coming after the Falklands it was naturally an anti-climax and, for me, the

tour was very tedious. The dangerous aspects were mostly provided by the remote-controlled bomb or 'Improvised Explosive Device': these required the cultivation of a rather fatalistic attitude. The days of Provisional IRA fighting patrols being long past, even sniping was very rare.

The Royal Ulster Constabulary were taking a far prominent rôle, more accompanying troops in the field to a large extent. This was not pleasing, as wellcamouflaged troops patrolling professionally did not enjoy having the whole effect negated by fully uniformed constables with light green shirts and unblackened faces. Further comment is probably superfluous, and I would certainly not wish to criticise the RUC, whose job is the toughest of all. Nevertheless, this tactical contradiction does underline the difficulty of reconciling one's own instincts with the political aims of our masters.

Our tasks were similar to those described above. Restrictions on dress were tighter in that only DPM material was allowed; woolly hats were forbidden unless static at night, and berets were to be worn at all times to avoid unfortunate errors.

The tour lasted from January to May, and the

usual miserable weather prevailed. The trusty Barbour was worn almost continually, usually under the Arctic windproof - this latter being by far the most popular combat smock, as it is extremely versatile, and suitable for use in hot as well as cold climates. Some members of the unit, in B Coy. particularly, had DPM Barbour jackets, but maintained that these were not as weatherproof.

The new boot (Royal Marines High Combat Boot) came into use — and in very many instances, fell apart, with the sole coming off or the seams splitting. I cannot stress too severely the annoyance of seeing a good, well-made piece of equipment tested in the field, and recommended for adoption, only to have some costcutting square-arse at the Ministry of Defence either manufacture it in an inferior material to that tested, or change it unrecognisably, or both! (The boots are acceptable if you can get a reliable

The only notable points in the area of equipment included the appearance, in one or two instances, of the mesh-supported chest and back pouches, referred to in 'MI' No. 2 as the Lightweight Combat Pack. Backpacks of the Berghaus Centurion, Cyclops Rock and Crusader types were very common by this time, the Crusader being trialled for issue.

On this tour no sniper rifles were used, although a weapon sight version of the Pocketscope, termed the Pocket-Variant, made a belated appearance in small numbers: the word 'belated' is chosen advisedly — given the superiority of Argentine night viewing devices, the PV is no earth-shatterer. A 40-round magazine was used on my section R/O's AR15.

A word or two on nomenclature: a section was often referred to as a 'callsign', 'brick' or 'patrol'. 'Blue-on-blue contact' is a firefight between friendly forces — which, regrettably,

has to be accepted as just one of those things. The true nickname for a member of a rifle company is 'gravelbelly', shortened to 'grav', which I personally never took as an insult unless used by a porcine member of a non-combat element. 'Big S' was Support Coy., usually containing the oldest and most experienced men who have 'graduated' from rifle companies to heavy weapons, etc.; this term may be peculiar to 40 Cdo., or its ex-members. 'Full combats' refers to the wearing of both combat jacket and combat 'G1098 trousers. webbing/combat clothing' refers to the number of the form signed by the issuee to confirm that he has received such-and-such.

NAVAL PARTY 8901, 81/82 DETACHMENT

NP8901 consisted of 42 men: basically a rifle troop with various administrative elements, drivers, chefs, vehicle mechanics, etc., commanded

by Maj. Gary Noott. The party was virtually selfsupporting for one year (the length of a tour of duty in the Falklands), with locallyobtained supplies boosted by deliveries from HMS Endurance, with which the detachment maintained close links. We provided a presence on the Islands, obliging an invader to think very seriously before attempting a landing which would commit him to combat with British troops, with the all-too-obvious consequences of such a course of action. We were also a token gesture of British sovereignty to the islanders.

I confess that I did not seriously entertain the idea that the Argentines would invade; having been to Buenos Aires, I had found them to be very friendly and helpful — in total contrast to the British Embassy staff. The first real hint of trouble was an article in the BA Herald, an English-language Argentine newspaper pro-

Spence about to go on watch at the Old Concession Road, 1983; once in position he will pull his headover down off his ears. It is raining — again... He wears the Nevisport Orion jacket with lightweight DPM denims, RMHCBs and combat gloves. The AR15 has a clip-on bipod and a 40-round magazine, and is fitted with the mount for the IWS.

Below left:

Jim Trolland at Bessbrook helipad, 1983. He wears full windproofs and German paraboots, '58 webbing, plus the mesh-based chest and back pouch rig.



The author photographed in January 1982 on Wireless Ridge, East Falkland, overlooking Moody Brook. I wear a '43 pattern windproof and OG denims; the weapon was the best SLR I ever possessed, fitted with a SUIT sight and the old wooden furniture with triangular stock—in my opinion, far superior to







duced for the many expatriates, which claimed that Argentina would soon invade if the sovereignty issue was not resolved. This clipping was pinned to the noticeboard in our bar in about January 1982. One can only assume that our Foreign Office staff in BA did not read the *Herald*.

During the year of duty, the three rifle sections rotated through a military training/patrolling/administrative cycle at weekly intervals, the latter phase involving cleaning, galley fatigues and so on. The patrols amounted to visits to various settlements throughout the Islands (some very friendly, some less so) aboard the local merchant vessel, the MV Forrest.

The military training week was great stuff, since the vast uninhabited areas allowed live firing of all weapons, including HEAT and 66 mm LAW, without risk of civilian injury. We even had HE rounds for the 2 in. mortar, long since defunct elsewhere (although some of these were of Second World War vin-

tage, and the nose cap pins were liable to shear off through old age when pulled). We set up battle-handling exercises that would have made our instructors in Britain turn pale: grenades and white phosphorous were combined with close combat shooting with rifles and pistols.

The Argentine invasion

The unfortunate sequel to this was that all our carefully zeroed weapons were handed over to our reliefs, who only had time for a quick shoot on the 30 m range to re-zero before 'the day of the race'.

Other problems were encountered due to the comparatively large combined detachment which fought in Stanley on 2 April 1982. Nine of my own detachment had gone to South Georgia with the Endurance; that left full equipment for about 40 men - but there were 69 of us. Some had only a web belt plus one ammunition pouch. Our 2 in. mortar had a cracked barrel. My section and at least one other had no opportunity at all to test-fire our weapons, not even to find a point of aim (these weapons were borrowed from the Falkland Islands Defence Force, as we did not have enough to go around).

Two points in particular are worth noting. Firstly, no defensive positions could be prepared, in case this was considered 'provocative' to the Argentines — an order only rescinded at 3pm on 1 April. Secondly, many men had FN magazines which would only fit an SLR if physically held in place while the weapon was cocked: this caused many stoppages at delicate moments.

My only comment on the firefight during the Argentine invasion of the early hours of 2 April was that our streetfighting techniques, gleaned from many years' experience on the streets of Ulster, were far better. (While the average age of our men was in the mid-20s, some had even seen action in Borneo and Aden, and nearly all had completed at least one

tour in Northern Ireland.)

After the initial assault by a team of six (three of whom were shot and three taken prisoner), the Argentines seemed reluctant to press home another attack, being content to swap fire with the defenders until their armour arrived. Some sections of NP8901 actually fought their way back through Stanley to Government House, penetrating the 'cordon' without loss: a remarkable achieveconsidering ment. amount of fire flying around, much of it highly visible tracer. To those who deduce from our lack of fatalities that the affair was somehow 'stage-managed' by Argentines, I can only say that it did not seem that way to us: frankly, I think we were bloody lucky!

As regards clothing and equipment: items peculiar to NP8901 were white seamen's jumpers; parkas; some Denison smocks; and boots of the Greenlander type, of sturdy brown leather with thickly treaded soles. (Personally I stuck to my German para-boots for preference, and wore them throughout the Falklands campaign without suffering unduly.)

Field clothing was largely a matter of taste, although Arctic windproofs were generally worn. On patrol the white sweater for wear under the smock favoured, and woolly hats made their inevitable appearance. One or two men possessed the '43 windproof smock or its green equivalent; several used the '43 windproof trousers as part of their 'ghillie suits'. No special webbing/or weapons were used by the detachment, although we had three L42s for our snipers, and two Carl Gustav 84 mm ATWs instead of one. Some of our GPMG gunners used the 50-round drum magazine; others tied a '44 pattern water bottle pouch beneath the feed tray, a very handy way of carrying link and commonly seen among Marines and airborne forces.

M

King George's Indians, 1775-1783

ROBIN MAY
Painting by GERRY EMBLETON

So much of early American history has been written from the viewpoint of New England that the unwary may be forgiven for believing that the Province of New York played only a minor rôle — the Saratoga campaign apart — in the American Revolution. George Washington was under no such illusion. The astonishingly fertile valley of the Mohawk River should have been the granary for his Continental Army. Instead, from 1778 onwards, the Iroquois and their Loyalist allies turned the area into a terror-stricken wasteland⁽¹⁾. This article describes the main events and personalities of the Indian War in the Northern Department.

regend has it that the L British were the first to use Indians in the Revolutionary War. In fact, the Americans were the first to recruit them(2), though the majority of Indians who took part did support the Crown, for pragmatic reasons: the British Indian Department posed less of a threat to them than frontiersmen eager to seize Indian land. Deliberate recruiting aside, it would have been impossible to keep the Indians out of the struggle(3). Many were already at war with landhungry colonists, some of whom had crossed the Apalachians into Indian territory before 'the shot heard round the world' was fired at Lexington on 19 April 1775.

The Revolutionary War in the north — in New York — was particularly bitter. It is well-documented; though even at textbook level, the Canadian story (most New York Loyalists settled after the war in Ontario) and the American version are still very different.

By the 1770s there were few Indians left in New England, and these wisely either stayed neutral or sided with the Rebels. However, Mohawks lived east of the Line, and by now they were surrounded by whites. This was not too serious while Sir William Johnson was alive. This richest of all Americans, a baronet since his victory over the French and Indians at Lake George in 1755, was the first Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Northern Department.

in the Province of New York, along with English, Scots, Irish, Dutch, and 'Dutch' who were actually of Palatine German descent, there were some 10,000 Iroquois. New York was the homeland of the famous Confederacy of the Six Nations: from east to west Mohawks, Oneidas. Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas and Tuscaroras, the latter being admitted to the Confederacy in around 1710 after being harassed by the colony of North Carolina.

The British government had drawn up a Proclamation Line in 1763, adjusted in 1768, which was intended basically to keep whites east of the Appalachians: a worthy aim, but doomed. In New York only the

(1) Superior numerals refer to source notes at the end of this article.



THE JOHNSON FAMILY

Johnson liked Indians, and they liked him - especially the Mohawks. He set up a Protestant 'plantation' along Anglo-Irish lines in the Mohawk Valley, with his family and friends holding the best jobs(4). There was little Iroquois resentment at his land-holdings - not least because his last wife, Molly Brant, was a Mohawk, and as a Mohawk matron she enjoyed political power. Her younger brother Thayendanegea - Joseph Brant was brought up in the exotic atmosphere of Fort Johnson, and later at Johnson Hall, where English aristocrats and leading Indians were equally welcome. The Brants would play key rôles in the Revolution; Sir William had the good fortune to die in 1774, a year before his world collapsed(5).

By the 1770s the Six Nations were no longer the power that they had been. Warfare had diminished their numbers, despite their practice of adopting captives, both Indian and white; and coming Revolution would divide the Confederacy almost fatally. The Iroquois were not, as often claimed, 'pro-British' throughout the 18th century. The powerful Senecas, for instance, sided with the Ottawa leader Pontiac in his at first devastatingly successful uprising in 1763-64. The most Anglophile tribe were the Mohawks. The Oneidas were so influenced by the non-conformist missionary Samuel Kirkland - a schoolfriend of Joseph Brant's that most of them staved neutral. None of the Nations were totally committed to one side or the other(6).

Sir William Johnson's son,

John, inherited his estate and Sir John's baronetcy. brother-in-law Guy Johnson became the new Superintendent; while Daniel Claus, another brother-in-law, was Agent for the Province of Outside Quebec. charmed circle was Maj. John Butler, an able officer who, like the Johnson clan and his own son Walter, would be execrated in his lifetime and by posterity for doing his duty.

On 31 May 1775, on the orders of Gen. Gage in Boston, John and Walter Butler, Claus and Brant, with 90 Mohawks and 120 whites (including 30 Catholic Highlanders, armed tenants of the Johnson family) escaped to Oswego on Lake Ontario. Sir John Johnson escaped a year later with 170 of his Scottish tenants: they doughty prove fighters for their laird and

The Iroquois' first engagement took place near St. Johns, Quebec on 6 September 1775, when a small force which included Brant held up the progress of an invading Rebel column Philip Schuyler. under Although St. Johns would eventually capitulate to Schuvler's replacement, Richard Montgomery, on 2 November, the first check gave Quebec time to organise a proper defence, and contributed to the decisive defeat of Montgomery's and Arnold's joint assault on that city on 31 December. However, the biggest coup achieved by the Indians early in the war was the defeat on 25 September 1775 of an ill-prepared attempt by Ethan Allen, conqueror of Fort Ticonderoga the previous May, to take Montreal. Peter Johnson, a half-Mohawk son of Sir William, actually received Allen's sword in surrender; Allen considered him 'most like a gentleman'.

BRANT IN ENGLAND

Young Lt. Johnson was one of those who accompanied Daniel Claus, Guy Johnson and Joseph Brant to England George Romney's portrait of Joseph Brant, 'Thayeadanegea' (sic), painted in London in 1776. He is wearing a pink European shirt, dark breeches and red leggings, and a typical Iroquois turban-and-feather headdress. Over his left shoulder and caught around the waist is a green cloak or blanket, and leather straps cross on his chest. The gorget, we may assume, is the silver one presented to him by King George III during this visit to England; below it is a pendant cross — he was converted to Christianity while at Moore's Charity School (later Dartmouth College), which was then at Lebanon, Connecticut. Brant's father's name is disputed, but he was of royal blood, perhaps a nephew of King Hendrick. He fought as a boy at Fort George in 1755, the campaign in which Hendrick was killed fighting alongside William Johnson. (National Gallery of Canada)

in winter 1775-76 - with Ethan Allen below in irons... As well as pressing the Mohawks' land grievances against settlers in northern Pennsylvania and western New York, Brant wished to make contacts and to size up the British commitment to the war. Another Mohawk, John Oteronyente, accompanied him, as did Capt. Gilbert Tice, a Mohawk Valley friend and 'minder' (8).

In London Brant proved to be a social and diplomatic lion. He impressed Lord George Germain, the Colonial Secretary, and leading Parliamentary figures on both sides of the House, as well as the king and queen themselves. He glimpsed the might of Britain - as he was intended to. He also had his portrait painted by Romney; and, between political engagements, was interviewed by James Boswell. He left England convinced that the Indians must support the

king.

During their voyage home the two Mohawks played a notable part in a sea battle against a Rebel privateer, using new brass rifles which had been given to them by Lord Townshend. Reaching New York the pair met the Howe brothers on board Lord Howe's flagship(9). Brant distinguished himself at the battle of Long Island on the night of 26 August 1776, probably as a scout. He

Contemporary map of the Six Nations; Fort Stanwix, Johnson Hall and Cherry Valley can all be seen in the top right quarter, along the 'Mohok' River.

also made a lifelong friend of Lord Hugh Percy, later 2nd Duke of Northumberland. (Percy had relieved the British force after the fights at Lexington and Concord on 19 April 1775; he distinguished himself in the New York campaign, but left America after disagreements with Gen. Howe in 1777. He was later a staunch ally of Brant, and an honorary Mohawk.)

Late in 1776 Brant and Tice set off for the Mohawk River, a dangerous journey. On rejoining his people, Brant urged immediate action against the Rebels. (We trust that American readers will allow the use, for clarity, of this term in an article which sets out to record the war from the viewpoint of Loyalists. The rebellious colonists referred to themselves as Patriots, and were known as 'Bostonians' by the Indians; the Loyalists were termed Tories by the Rebels; and the possibilities of confusion are thus immense...).

Brant's reception was mixed. He brought no written orders; and John Butler was unhelpful. The Senecas were still neutral, and still suspicious of a Mohawk who had not sided with Pontiac in the 1763 uprising. In the event, however, most Iroquois would side with the king, whose representatives in New York were less objectionable than those of the Rebels, and who seemed more likely to win(10).

Brant was never the 'War Chief of the Six Nations', as earlier historians on both sides of the Canadian border have supposed. There was no such post among the Iroquois: it was 'un-Indian'. Jealousy of anybody considered 'too great a man' was an Indian trait, and could lead to a killing, while Indian democracy could turn into anarchy. A war chief had a personal following; but so great was the Indians' belief



in individual free will that he usually enjoyed less practical authority than even a junior officer among the whites. (Probably the most powerful and notable Iroquois warrior was Savenqueraghta of the Senecas, despite the fact that his age forced him to campaign solely on horseback(11).) Brant's influence was weakened by the fact that John Butler, now at Fort Niagara, was under the orders of Gen. Sir Guy Carleton, Governor and Commander-in-Chief Canada, who was less ready than his successor, Gen. Frederick Haldimand, would be to use Indians in the fight against the Rebels.

In 1777 the situation changed dramatically with the projected three-pronged invasion of Rebel territory by Gen. Burgoyne from the north, St. Leger from the west, and - the 'prong' that never was - by Howe from Philadelphia. Even before 'Gentlemanly John' set out from Canada in June, western New York was in ferment. Brant raised his flag at Oquaga, and soon had a virtual private army of Indians and whites who preferred to serve under him. 'Brant's Volunteers' included a hard core of some 25 whites, often reinforced for a time by others, and a varying

number of Indians; at one point in 1778 he had more than 90 whites with him⁽¹²⁾. Brant would be involved at a more official level, would become a captain in the Indian Department with a written commission — but he remained a Mohawk war chief. It was informal, but it made sound sense.

Gen. Burgoyne had with him some 500 Indians from Canadian settlements, and was later joined by about 100 Ottawas and some western Indians. Most were there for plunder and glory; and none of the white officers associated with them had the deep knowledge of Indians possessed by men like Daniel Claus and John Butler. This was reflected in the behaviour of the warriors. The murder of Jane McCrea, the betrothed of a Lovalist officer, made a useful propaganda weapon for the Rebels; the true story of this undoubtedly grisly incident, on 26 July 1777, is still a matter of argument, and it is not even certain if the Indians who murdered her had captured her, or were supposed to be escorting her.

After the first shock, the news of Burgoyne's surrender to the Rebels on 17 October 1777 seems to have had no real effect on the Iroquois' determination to

fight the Americans; and that determination was greatly strengthened by success in the battle fought at Oriskany, near Fort Stanwix, New York, on 6 August of that year.

THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY

Oriskany was perhaps the bitterest battle of the entire war, with kinsfolk and neighbours fighting one another.

On 25 July 1777 Lt. Col. Barry St. Leger of the 34th Foot had reached Oswego on Lake Ontario, taking charge of the re-activated fort and, eventually, of some 700 whites and 800 Indian allies. Among his troops were a detachment of the 8th Foot; a number of Hesse-Hanau Jägers; Sir John Johnson's new Royal Regiment of New York, about 300 strong; 70 Rangers of the Indian Department (not to be confused with Butler's Rangers, who were not raised until that September); Canadian militiamen, and some artillerymen. These last were grossly under-equipped for the projected attack on the Rebelheld Fort Stanwix: two 6pdrs., two 3-pdrs. and four mortars were hardly sufficient to threaten a fort whose defences had been improved, and whose garrison numbered about 750 men, commanded by Col. Gansevoort with Lt. Col. Marinus Willett as his able deputy.

The Senecas who were on the scene had at first decided to watch the battle, occasionally venting their spleen on Joseph Brant, who was serving under St. Leger with his Volunteers. The atmosphere was highly charged on all sides. The Loyalists were carrying their muskets into their own home countryside; and the Rebels of Tryon County — virtually the whole Mohawk Valley were as alarmed as their Oneida allies.

The local Rebel commander was a militia general, Nicholas Herkimer, who had managed to raise 800 men to march to the relief of Fort Stanwix. (He had a brother, a brother-in-law and a nephew serving with St. Leger.) Molly Brant, still living in the Valley, saw Herkimer's men go marching past, and sent Indian messengers to warn St. Leger. The British force reached Fort Stanwix on 2 August, shortly after 200 more Rebels had arrived to strengthen the garrison. Herkimer also had his problems; when he sensibly suggested a cautious approach, some hotheads loudly questioned his loyalty to the cause.

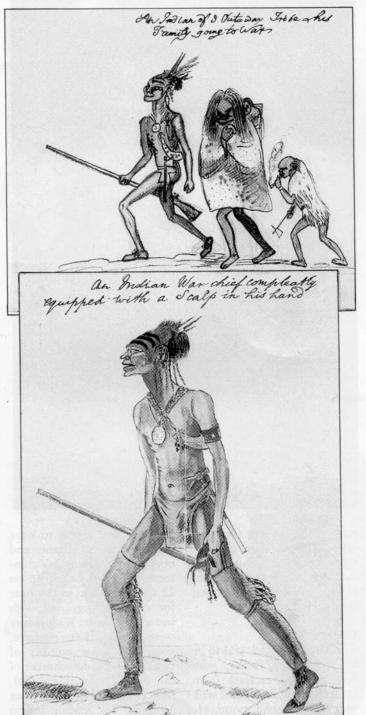
Early on 6 August the Rebels reached a thicketed ravine, where they fell into an ambush so deadly that the entire force would probably have been annihilated if some of St. Leger's Indians had not attacked too soon. The Rebels at the rear of the column fled; but the rest fought doggedly, using the trees for cover, and keeping their powder dry through a sudden rainstorm. Herkimer, his leg shattered, sat smoking his pipe behind a tree as he directed the fighting. Even so, St. Leger later reported 400 dead Rebels, and they themselves admitted to 200 dead and many more wounded and missing. It is thought that 33 Indians died, mostly Senecas — a large number for them:

the Indians' idea of fighting was surprise, action and retreat, not a pitched battle. They could endure the stake stoically, but saw no reason to die a foolhardy death.

Some still dispute who won the battle; but clearly the Rebels suffered a disaster. They had failed to reach the fort, and took heavy casualties. There was a sally from the fort led by Willett, which had some success and led to the looting of Loyalist and Indian baggage: Sir John Johnson lost his personal papers. Horribly, the enraged Indians took their

revenge on their prisoners, no whites being able to intervene to stop it.

St. Leger now heard that the Rebel commander Benedict Arnold was advancing on him at the head of Continental troops; rumour multiplied their numbers, and on 23 August St. Leger raised the siege of Fort Stanwix, returning Oswego. From now on the operations in this region would be guerrilla warfare of the most lethal kind, with most of the Iroquois furious enough to be devoted to the British cause(13).



TERROR ON THE FRONTIER

None can have doubted what 1778 would unleash on New York and across the border in Pennsylvania. The full fury was first loosed on Cobbleskill on 30 May, where Brant led 300 Tories and Indians to lay waste the settlement. Panic swept from the Mohawk to the Susquehanna, and many fled eastwards. Other raids followed, the most ambitious being launched against the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania. This was already a violent area, since Connecticut immigrants disputed the territory with Pennsylvanians. Now John Butler led 110 Rangers and 464 Indians, mostly Senecas, against the valley; the leading Indians were Sayenqueraghta and Complanter. The attack took place on 30 June 1778, against Rebel troops waiting in forts and stockades; their commanders were Zebulon Butler (no relation) and Col. Nathan Dennison. Foolishly, the main Rebel force of 450 left the safety of their fort and were lured into a trap, a breastwork of logs on the edge of the trees. In the disaster that followed as many as 400 may have died; the scalp count was 227. (Zebulon Butler fled the valley, the fight having

> Drawings from life of 18th-century Indians are extremely rare, and these sketches of Ottawas - by George Townshend, one of Wolfe's officers in 1759 — are valuable documents. The upper group are a warrior and his family, the lower study a 'war chieftain' with a scalp in his hand. Note paint; feather and pendant hair ornaments; and metal or shell neck pendants, and slung powder horn, both apparently on plaited cord bands. The chieftain's leggings seem to be attached by a narrow strip of material to the belt which also supports his breechclout. He seems to carry a pipe-hatchet. Capt. Joseph Bloomfield, serving in the Mohawk Valley during the Revolution, noted Iroquois weapons as 'Muskets, Hatchets, and long sharp-pointed Knives: these they always carry about with them.' Leggings and moccasins seem to be decorated very much in the style of those illustrated on the colour pages. (Courtauld Institute

This famous painting by Benjamin West shows Col. Guy Johnson, Sir William's successor as Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Northern Department. There seem to have been no dress regulations until 1823, but portraits suggest some consistency, notably this plain scarlet coat in the early days. Note the blend of British and Indian items, which appears to have been typical; the 'light infantry'-style cap decorated in Indian fashion is particularly interesting. (Andrew W. Mellon Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington)

apparently disturbed his furlough.)

The Rebel survivors surrendered, and it is a matter of record that none were hurt by the Indians thereafter. But those who fled from the field spread the story of a massive atrocity, a story which stains the memory of Butler and his men - red and white - to this day. Brant, who was not even present, was dubbed a monster; and in faraway London the Parliamentary opposition made much of grisly tales of women and children being tossed into flaming buildings.

When the season for fighting, and for destroying the settlements and fields of the Rebels, was already apparently over for 1778, there occurred the most controversial engagement of the Northern campaign. The New York frontier was clearly impossible to defend; and the Wyoming country, a mere 75 miles from Philadelphia, was another area seriously threatened by Tory and Indian arms, supported as they now were by the new commander-in-chief in Canada, Gen. Haldimand.

The battle was to take place at Cherry Valley, a beautiful and fertile area with a small town in its heart. It had been defended since that July by a force of Continental troops under Col. Ichabod Alden, after whom the fort was named. The church had been stockaded, and the Rebels awaited events. Despite being warned of the likelihood of an attack, Alden refused to allow the settlers to follow the standard New York practice in such emergencies, and to

take refuge in the fort. His stated reasons were that the warnings were unreliable; and that if he let the civilians in, his soldiers might steal their belongings.

Cherry Valley

The Loyalist attack was to be led by Walter Butler, who had recently escaped from captivity in Albany and who was in a vengeful mood. He had little military experience; disliked, and seems to have been jealous of Brant; and objected to Brant's Volunteers. The pair linked up on 22 October, late in the year for campaigning, and with snow imminent. With Butler were some 300 Rangers, about the same number of Indians, and a detachment of the 8th Foot sent by Col. Matthew Bolton Niagara. The leading Indian present was old Saven-

queraghta of the Senecas.

The foolish Butler was unable to contain his dislike of Brant, even allowing himself to be angered by such trivia as the yellow lace which Brant's Volunteers wore on their hats. He made himself so objectionable that most of the Volunteers left Butler had threatened to treat them as Rebels unless they joined up with his Rangers. Brant himself only stayed out of a sense of duty, and at the urging of the other Indians. The Indians were apparently bitter over the false reports of their behaviour at Wyoming.

In rain and snow the advance on Cherry Valley began on 10 November. They were actually spotted by a woodcutter, but his report was dismissed by Col. Alden, who decided that the men in the woods were merely stragglers somewhere or other. The attackers knew the dispositions in the town from prisoners. Butler and most of his command were to attack the fort; the remainder, and the Indians, would attack the settlement, and any other defending soldiers they encountered. With the Senecas in vengeful mood the scene was set for tragedy; and it duly took place.

Brant did his best to save the lives of women, children, and known Loyalist supporters in the town: even the hostile Butler admitted as much in his report. Other Indians were also seen to save lives. But there were horrors enough among the little houses of the settlement. Alden was killed running for the fort, from which the defenders refused to budge as the Indians slaked their thirst for blood on the helpless civilians. The massacre was small enough by modern standards; but 33 deaths were no light matter in a small settlement. The entire household of one Robert Wells, a friend of Joseph Brant and respected by both sides, were slaughtered - 13 men, women and children. It was a bitter baptism of command for Walter Butler(14).

THE LATER CAMPAIGNS

In February 1779 Congress decided to launch a counterplanned offensive Washington, who was an frontiersman. experienced John Sullivan was given the command. A preliminary attack on the Onondagas on 21 April by Col. Goose van Schiack and 500 men destroyed the tribe's 'castle' and raped their women, to the Indians' outrage, since rape was not part of the Iroquois repertoire.

The main offensive was three-pronged. Col. Daniel Brodhead with 600 men destroyed Seneca and Delaware towns along the Allegheny in Pennsylvania. The main thrust was a dual attack by a total of some 3,200 Rebel troops on the heartland of the Senecas. The Loyalists and Indians needed reinforcements, but they did not exist. Sullivan was something of a sluggard, but numbers were on his side.

There was only one battle proper, at Newtown near the Pennsylvania border on 29 August. The Loyalists and Indians had at most 600 men, ill-fed and exhausted. The local Delawares demanded a stand to save their country; and the result was a modest but well-prepared ambush mounted by John Butler, Sayenqueraghta and Joseph Brant. American cannon decided the day, despite the bravery of a hard core of Indians who stood and fought alongside the whites; but retreat was inevitable. The Americans systematically destroyed the Seneca homeland, noting - for future reference - the suquality perb of their farmlands(15).

But Niagara was in British hands still; and 1780 would be a year of revenge. As far as the Rebel settlements along the Mohawk were concerned, it soon appeared as if the Sullivan expedition might never have happened. The year ended with the second of two massive raids by Sir John Johnson which reduced his former neighbours to new depths of despair(16). Even at this late date more and more Loyalists were declaring themselves for the king.

Raiding continued throughout 1781-82, reducing the fertile valley to a haunted wasteland, its surviving settlers cowering in their forts. (In the course of one raid, however, on 30 October 1781, the young Walter Butler met his end. It is said that as he fell he cried 'Quarter! Quarter!' — and that the Oneida standing over him replied 'Cherry Valley quarter!' as he split his skull with a hatchet(17).)

The Loyalists and Indians of New York had no reason to believe that the end of the war was inevitable: they thought that they were winning. The news of the surrender at Yorktown on 19 October 1781 was slow to filter through, and slower in the interpretation. When the Treaty of Paris effectively ended hostilities' on 30 November 1782, it made no mention at all of the Six Nations.

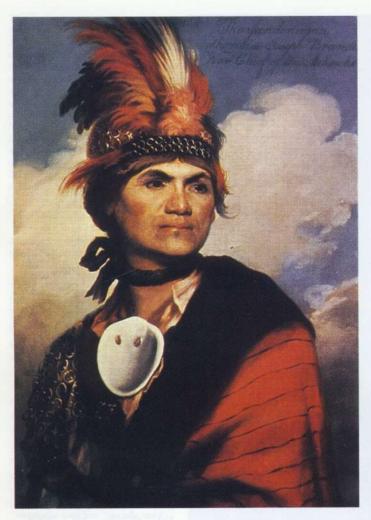
When the news of defeat was finally impossible to ignore, the British Indian Department faced a nightmare task in containing the situation; but contained, more or less, it was. The Senecas and others who remained in New York suffered worse than those who followed Joseph Brant

> Butler's Rangers, who often fought alongside the Indians, were too good at their job to be anything but hated by their enemies: and although there was probably little anybody could have done to restrain the Indians from atrocities once their blood was up, the failure of leadership displayed by Walter Butler at Cherry Valley certainly contributed to the horrors which occurred there. Some of the Rangers lived on - after the unit was disbanded in Canada in June 1784 - to fight the Americans again in the War of 1812. Even today it is said that workmen have refused to repair the surviving Butlerbury house, home of these alleged fiends of the Mohawk Valley.

Charles Lefferts, the standard source; describes the Rangers as wearing dark green coats faced with scarlet and lined white and dark green waistcoats; this reconstruc-

A fine pair of Iroquois moccasins, decorated in typical fashion with quill-work, moose-hair embroidery, and tufts of red-dyed hair in





to what became Brantford, Ontario. Brant's son John helped throw the Americans back across the Niagara River in 1812.

Many Iroquois fought valiantly for king and country in two world wars; others fought for the United States; or perhaps, in the warriors' hearts, it would be more correct to say as allies of the Crown and the United States...

(1) A typical example is in the Public Papers of George Clinton (New York, 1899-1914), Vol. VI, p.350; he noted '150,000 bushels of wheat' and 'other grain and forage' destroyed in raids along the Mohawk in late 1780. (2) William S. Stone, Life of Joseph Brant - Thayendanegea (New York, 1838) Vol.I, pp.55-60.

(3) Founded by Sir William Johnson in 1755, the Indian Dept. certainly manipulated the Indians, but was much less of a threat to them than were land-hungry settlers.

(4) John O. Guzzardo, Sir William Johnson's Official Family (Syracuse University PhD, 1975).

(5) Isabel Kelsay, Joseph Brant (Syracuse, 1984) passim.

(6) Barbara Graymont, The Iroquois in the American Revolution, pp.26-47. (7) Ibid., pp.49-94; J. Johnson to D. Claus, 20 Jan. 1777, Claus Papers I, pp.232-33, Public Archives of Canada.

(8) Graymont, pp.75-81.

(9) The American Journal of Ambrose Serle, Secretary to Lord Howe, ed. Edward Tatum (San Marino, 1940). (10) Claus Papers II, p.48.

(11) For biography of Sayen-

queraghta see Dictionary of Canadian Biography under Kaienkwaahton. (12) Kelsay pp. 190-193 et passim. She

is the first to have characterised this rugged outfit.

(13) St. Leger described the action to Burgoyne, but Claus's account to William Knox is fuller: New York Colonial Documents Vol.8, pp.718-723 (Albany, 1853-87).

(14) The year 1778 is heavily documented on both sides. Brig. Gen. Ernest Cruickshank's Butler's Rangers (Welland, 1893) is a fine short work, while Hazel Mathews's The Mark of Honour (Toronto, 1865) is a detailed account of New York's Loyalists.

(15) See Journals of the Military Expedition of Major John Sullivan against the Six Nations of Indians in 1779, ed. Frederick Cook (Auburn, NY, 1887); also Graymont, pp.204-

(16) Sir John's report is in the British Library: Haldimand Papers, Add. MSS. 21, 818, pt.5: pp.205-07. (17) Stone, Vol.2, pp.191-93. This was apparently the happiest moment of the entire war for the Rebels of the Mohawk country.

One of two identical portraits of Joseph Brant by Gilbert Stuart, painted in London in 1786 during his (successful) visit to demand compensation for his people's sacrifices. The other is at Coopertown, New York. (British Museum)

Below:

Lt. John Caldwell (later Sir John, Bt.) served in North America with the 8th (King's) Regiment, which was posted to Canada from 1768 to 1785. During part of his service he was appointed adjutant. His regiment was deployed in a number of garrisons along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and detachments took part in the fierce border warfare against the Americans alongside Indians and 'Tory' Rangers; men of the King's were present at both Oriskany and Cherry Valley.

Part of Caldwell's time in America (1774-80) was spent as an envoy and liaison officer with the Indians, co-ordinating and even leading raids against the Americans. During a council at Wakitomiky in January 1780 he wore this magnificent ceremonial costume of an Ojibway chief. Among the feathers in his turban are dyed ostrich and peacock feathers, brought in as trade goods — as were many examples of the pipe-hatchet, and the short sword, both popular English imports. The shirt is also clearly European-made. Caldwell wears typical blanket and leggings, and lavishly decorated moccasins, belt, pouches and breechclout; note the 'tinkling cones', and the massive silver jewellery, including ear and nose ornaments. He wears no fewer than four gorgets; and in this portrait holds a wampum belt bearing the image of a tomahawk. Caldwell's Indian name was Apatto, 'Runner'. (Courtesy City of Liverpool Museums)





'The Anglo-Boer Wars: The British and the Afrikaners 1815-1902' by Michael Barthorp; Blandford Press; 176pp; illus. throughout; £10.95

This is the fourth of Michael Barthorp's volumes on the colonial campaigns of the Victorian era. In style and format it resembles the previous three, and like them maintains the high standard that we have come to expect from this leading author - as lively, interesting and intensely readable as his previous titles.

The Boer Wars were the occasion for extreme 'jingoism' in Britain, with new heroes added almost daily to the Victorian pantheon; but the reality was very different from the 'pluck and triumph' celebrated in the popular press, as the author most ably demonstrates. His review of the Anglo-Boer conflict begins in 1815, earlier than most histories, including the hostilities of the 1840s (though it omits the initial British operations in 1795, when their appraisal of Boer tactics - 'taking advantage of the Irregularity of the Country, to annoy us by a distant & Irregular Fire' were a remarkable adumbration of the later wars). Throughout what is essentially a military history the author wisely avoids comment on moral issues; but gives a clear, narrative account of the operations which is easily understandable and has almost certainly never been bettered. (This reviewer, having recently undertaken extensive research on the 1899 war, writes from experience!). As in all Michael Barthorp's books, it is far more than merely a catalogue of events; there is, for example, a brilliant resumé of tactical theory, demonstrating the imperfections in the British system which led to disaster on numerous occasions. As much to blame as these outdated tactics were oldfashioned generals: either tormented by self-doubt like Sir Redvers Buller; or plain incompetent like Sir George Pomeroy-Colley ('not to be trusted with a corporal's guard'), or Sir Charles Warren, who as Metropolitan Police Commissioner had failed to catch Jack the Ripper, and enjoyed no more success against the Boers.

The text is enlivened by contemporary quotations; there is, for example, a superb description of the British soldier by an officer of the author's old regiment, the Northamptonshires: 'No class or race could equal him in standing firm, shoulder to shoulder, against a mob of howling savages...but modern warfare is just a bit beyond him. He has neither the intellect of a highly educated man, the instinct of a savage or the self-reliance of the colonial. He is a good fellow but a terribly thick-headed one.' book is illustrated profusely with contemporary photographs and engravings, which are both pertinent and well-chosen, including many which are not immediately familiar.

If there is any truth in Santayana's remark that those who forget the past are condemned to relive it, this history of the Boer Wars and the consequent reflections upon the Afrikaner mentality should be essential reading for all those who wish to appreciate in full the problems facing southern Africa today. To them, as well as to all those with an interest in the British Army and its history, this book is recommended unreservedly. PJH

'The Soldier's Story: The Battle at Xa Long Tan, Vietnam, 18 August 1966' by Terry Burstall; University of Queensland Press (via J.M.Dent Distribution Ltd., Dunhams Lane, Letchworth, Herts SG6 1LF); 188pp; 9 maps & diagrams, 36 illus.; £16.65 h/bk, £8.65 p/bk.

For anyone with experience of an company, Burstall's infantry account of the action by D Coy., 6th Bn., Royal Australian Regiment makes compelling reading; and any reader will find this a lucid, well-illustrated account alive with

personal recollections.

Burstall fought at Long Tan, a day and night battle in driving rain in a rubber plantation, in which one company fought an estimated 5,000 North Vietnamese. Only the Diggers' determination, and excellent artillery support, prevented disaster. After setting the context of the Australian presence in Vietnam, this thorough study of the battle asks some difficult questions about why the troops were sent into the area; and why, when they were clearly in contact with superior forces, the APC-mounted relief force took so long to reach them. Only a veteran of the engagement could ask the questions, and get the answers from sources ranging from the colonel, through company commanders, to the Diggers in the point platoon.

The Soldier's Story stands out not only as a tribute to the men who fought at Long Tan, but also as an excellent textbook for small unit operations in close country. A very good book, well worth tracking EWWF

'Battlefield Archaeology' John Laffin; Ian Allan Ltd. (USA: Hippocrene Books); 128pp, illus. throughout; £12.95

Genuinely new subjects or treatments are rare in military publishing: this book is an authentic novelty, and a fascinating one. For many years the prolific author John Laffin has been devoting much time to expeditions to the battlefields of the Western Front and Gallipoli, and to a lesser extent to those of the Second World War. He has applied deep background research to the practical task of searching for Great War relics; and has been rewarded by the assembly of a collection of

finds probably unique in the world. The many photos published in this present book include relics which are fascinating, informative, and sometimes extremely poignant.

There is a great deal of useful general information, as well as chapters devoted to a few particular battles and the current state of their ground. The would-be battlefield archaeologist will find here lists of museums, books, and other research sources; practical advice on where and when to search, on equipment and technique, and on the legal position. The serious physical dangers are emphasised: not only the deadly toll still taken, every year, among idiots who think that any shell or grenade buried for 60 years 'must be stable by now', but also the less dramatic but thoroughly nasty consequences of stepping on a rusty iron picket, or into a shaft hidden by vegetation.

The text is informed by a deep background knowledge, drawn from years of research into the Great War, and from Dr. Laffin's own experience as a Second World War infantryman. As he interprets the shards of metal and bone given up to his spade by the clay of Flanders and Picardy, reading the stories they tell to the trained eye, he reveals himself as a facinating guide and companion. This reviewer finally closed the book with a renewed ambition to walk the field of Verdun, in particular -- the only battlefield in Western Europe more or less untouched since the guns fell silent, and the greatest repository of relics of battle in the world. This is an original and intriguing book, and MCW highly recommended.

'Samurai Warriors' by Stephen R. Turnbull; Blandford Press; 160pp; 72 b/w ill.;36 col.pp. by James Field; £12.95

Turnbull has done it again. His new title is a very good short history of Japan's military history, and the samurai who created it. The detail on the armour in the 36 colour plates, the majority based on extant models and battle scrolls, is alone worth the price; the text is the icing on the cake. In fact, it is hard to determine if this is a text that is heavily illustrated, or a picture book with massive captions.

There are, however, a few problems. First, there is the distressingly frequent appearance of formulations such as 'katana sword' or

'yoroi armour', which are equivalent to 'bascinet helmet' or 'claymore sword'. Second, while the detail in the illustrations is generally above reproach, the anatomy of the wearers of the armour is not: Field has not painted Japanese, he has painted hobbits, short and rotund the lines of the armour are therefore somewhat distorted. The book could have been improved by concentrating more on photographs

of actual armours: what would have

been wrong with a few colour photos in place of some of the plates, which in some cases have a distinctly two-dimensional quality? One more problem is the occasional mislabelling: e.g. the hotoke-do variation on p.82, identified as a Mogami-do despite a description of the latter on the preceding page; reference to an early history as the Nihongi rather than the correct Nihonki; and to the samurai Yamamoto Gansuke as Kansuke.

Despite these few flaws, this book is well worth a place in any library. It should be noted, however, that this should not form a primary source on samurai: some of Turnbull's earlier books fill that need better. The history itself is painless, and the text makes pleasant reading. All things considered, it is indeed worth the price.

CARDS and PRINTS

Geoff White's Postcards of the British Army: 'Support Arms & Services (1)' (6 cards); £1.80 + 40p UK P&P; Geoff White Ltd., 11 Embercourt Drive, Backwell, Bristol BS19 3HU.

We reviewed the first two in a planned series of 14 sets in 'MI' No.5; this third set is equally good. Each card carries two coloured figure paintings by Douglas Anderson, one in the combat or work dress and one in the full dress of the subject regiment, and an enlarged badge detail. Subjects here are the Royal Horse Artillery, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Royal Signals, Royal Corps of Transport and Royal Army Ordnance Corps. The paintings are excellent, the composition pleasing, the printing good; and the accompanying sheets of background notes and captions informative. A highly collectable series, recommended without reservation.

We have also received:

'Beginners' Guide to Wargaming' by Bruce Quarrie (PSL, £3.99 p/bk;), which is selfexplanatory.

MI

'Sabre and Lance' by Peter Newark (Blandford, £16.00), a general history of cavalry.

'Great Land Battles of World War II' by Ian Hogg (Blandford, £14.95), which features paintings by Terence Cuneo.

'The Escape from Singapore' by Richard Gough (William Kimber, £12.95), which reveals details of clandestine British organisation to aid escapees in 1942.

'The Bombers' by Robin Cross (Bantam, £14.95), a general history or aerial bombing 1915-82, with colour plates by Sarson and Bryan.

'Operation Millenium: "Bomber" Harris's Raid on Cologne, May 1942' by Eric Taylor (Robert Hale, £12.95), which correlates British and German accounts.

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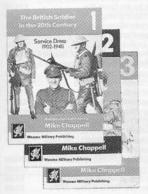
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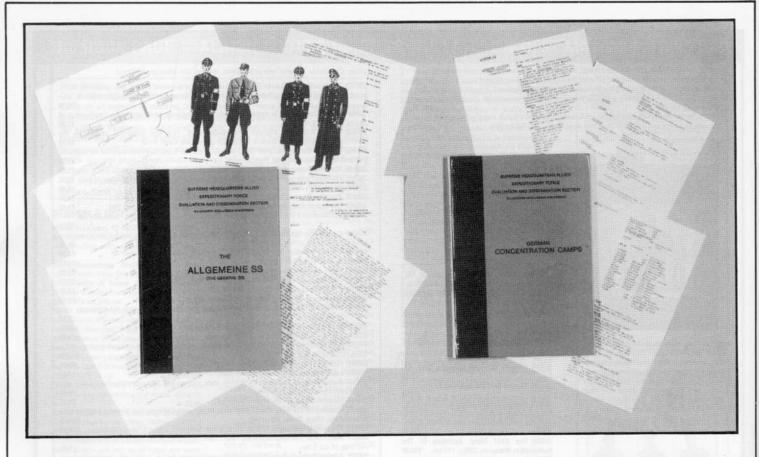


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James Wolfe

'VOLUNTEER' Paintings by BRYAN FOSTEN

h! he is mad, is he? Then I wish he would bite some other of my generals'. George II's comment on the victor of Quebec is revealing, intimating his unpopularity with some of his peers; and indeed, though immortalised in the pantheon of British heroes as the conqueror of Canada, hardly any action Wolfe took after attaining independent command was not criticised.

James Wolfe was born at Westerham, Kent, on 2 January 1727, the son of a distinguished soldier, Edward Wolfe, who had served under Marlborough. James an unprepossessing figure: a thin, gangly boy six feet tall with sloping shoulders, fragile in appearance and sickly in health. With red hair and piercing blue eyes, he had a pointed nose and a receding chin - not at all in the heroic mould. A sensitive and cultivated youth, he was nevertheless destined for a military career from an early age.

His first active service was as a volunteer with his father in the Carthagena expedition at the age of 13; but his first commission was as a secondlieutenant of Marines in December 1741. He never joined this corps, however, but was appointed an ensign in the 12th Foot (then commonly known by the name of its colonel, Scipio Duroure). With this regiment Wolfe served in the Rhine campaign, where, despite his youth, he was appointed regimental ad-

Wolfe, apparently in his Quebec uniform (note the mourningbrassard): mezzotint by R. Houston after Schaak. The profile demonstrates what Fortescue termed 'a countenance of singular ugliness', with receding forehead and chin.

At jutant. Dettingen, Duroure's was constantly under fire, suffering the worst losses of any British The 16-year-old Wolfe's borrowed horse was shot; he was thrown, and was 'obliged to do the Duty of adjutant all that and the next Day on Foot, in a Pair of heavy Boots. I lost with the Horse, Furniture and Pistols which cost me 10 Ducats(1)...'.

Nevertheless, the impression he made during the campaign led to his promotion to lieutenant, and to a captaincy in 'Barrell's Blues', the 4th Foot, in 1744.

WITH 'THE HANGMAN' AT CULLODEN

The Jacobite Rebellion brought Wolfe to prominence again, as brigade major and ADC to Gen. Henry 'Hangman' Hawley. Present at Hawley's defeat at Falkirk, Wolfe served at Culloden in his staff capacity, though his regiment was one of those

most heavily engaged. An anecdote (sometimes told of the Duke of Cumberland. though the attitude is more that of Hawley, which would also explain Wolfe's presence) recounts how, riding over the battlefield, Hawley passed a wounded officer. Charles Iacobite Fraser of Inverallochie. Hawley asked him to whom he belonged (i.e. which regiment). 'To the Prince', was the reply. Turning to Wolfe, Hawley ordered him to shoot 'that insolent Highland scoundrel who dares look on us with such contempt'. Wolfe replied coldly that though his commission was at the general's disposal, 'I can never consent to become an executioner': a characteristic remark.(2)

After the 'Forty-Five', now a brevet-major aged 19, Wolfe returned to Europe under Cumberland; and was shot in the body at Laffeldt in 1747. Whilst awaiting orders to rejoin Barrell's at Inverness, he was promoted in January 1748 to major in Sackville's Regiment, the Foot. As lieutenant-colonel, 1749-58, he became almost a legend as a strict disciplinarian but a caring and skilled regimental commander, so that the 20th became renowned as among the best-trained in the army.

Wolfe's next campaign was as a staff officer in the failed expedition to Rochefort in 1757, where many reputations suffered; but Wolfe's was enhanced, for had his advice been taken the result might have been different.

Given the colonelcy of the 67th Foot, in early 1758 Wolfe appointed was brigadier-general in Louisburg expedition under Amherst, in recognition of his reputation as a regimental officer and of the energy with which he had per-formed his staff duties at Rochefort. The Louisburg expedition, in which he led assaults in person (including a boat-landing under fire in heavy surf), and commanded that section in which the fiercest fighting took place, brought him to the public eye; but his relations with Amherst had not been cordial

He returned home to recover his health: always frail, he was a martyr to rheumatism and 'the stone', and was latterly consumptive

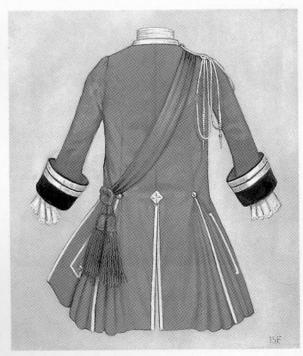
Though reprimanded for returning home without orders, he wrote to Pitt to signify his anxiety to return to North America, especially in the operations in the St. Lawrence; and was appointed to command the expedition against Quebec with local rank of major-general. The appointment was made against the advice of many in the military establishment, who believed Wolfe's health too poor; but he was 'as courageous against pain as against the bullets of the enemy'; and, as Fortescue wrote, 'within that unhandsome frame lay a passionate attachment to the British soldier, and an indomitable spirit against difficulty and danger'(3). As Wolfe himself remarked, 'Don't tell me of constitution...good spirits will carry a man through every thing'(4).



THE QUEBEC COMMAND

The expedition against Quebec — Wolfe's only independent command — required all that spirit, for its





course was a succession of failures, misjudgements and opportunities redeemed by an audacious attack prompted as much by desperation as by tactical genius. Discouraged by early setbacks, Wolfe penned gloomy reports home, and his health collapsed to such an extent that for a time operations had to be conducted by a council of war formed of his brigadiers. The decision to attempt a lodgement upon the Heights of Abraham was as much a consensus decision as Wolfe's own; but it worked.

As the army prepared to land by boat, one of Wolfe's officers quietly recited part of Gray's Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, a copy of which had been given Wolfe by his fiancée, the beautiful Katherine Lowther, as he took his final leave. It thus had a double significance for Wolfe, with its intimation of 'th' inevitable hour'; and he turned to the officer and said, 'I would rather have been the author of that piece than beat the French tomorrow'(5). Such was the complex nature of the man.

The story of Quebec is well-known: how Wolfe's army climbed the Heights of Abraham on 13 September 1759, awaited a French attack, and destroyed Montcalm's army with crushing

volleys of musketry. Wolfe led the army on foot, and was thrice wounded; his wrist broken by a musket-ball, he tied a handkerchief around it and went on. He was then shot in the groin; and finally through the lung whilst leading the 28th Regiment. 'Support me, support me', he gasped to the nearest officer, 'lest my gallant fellows should see me fall'.

He was carried away by a small party - Lt. Henry Browne (22nd) and Volunteer James Henderson of the Louisburg Grenadiers, surgeon's mate Hewit (or surgeon Williams) and a private of the 28th, and perhaps an artillery officer; Benjamin West's dramatic painting The Death of Wolfe, in which the general lies surrounded by a huge staff, is pure fiction. One of the men, seeing the course of the battle, cried 'They run! See how they run!'. Wolfe, who had appeared unconscious, tried to raise himself and asked, 'Who runs?' 'The enemy, Sir — Egad, they give way everywhere'. Summoning his last strength, Wolfe gave his final orders: 'Go one of you, my lads, to Colonel Burton; tell him to march Webb's Regiment with all speed down to Charles's River to cut off the retreat of the fugitives from the bridge.' Then, turning to

Henry Browne in whose arms he lay, he murmured 'Now, God be praised, I will die in peace'; and was gone⁽⁶⁾.

It is academic to debate what Wolfe might have achieved in his later career; perhaps he would have been the general so badly needed during the American War of Independence; but more likely he would have died long before, of the tuberculosis which was already killing him. The fall of Quebec was not immediately decisive, for great difficulties lay ahead, which Wolfe might not have been able to solve with any more ease than those who succeeded him. But his fame was assured by his death at the moment of victory, a death which he would have preferred to one from lingering disease. In the words of his favourite poem, 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave'.

Notes

(1) Letter to his father, June 1743. (2) For versions of this story, see Reilly p.53; J. Prebble, *Culloden* (London, 1961) p.122.

(3) History of the British Army, Hon. Sir John Fortescue, Vol.II (London, 1899) p.360.

(4) Knox p.194.

(5) See Reilly pp.338-39 for an analysis of the versions of this (6) See Knox p.202; Reilly p.312; Lloyd p.141, for versions of Wolfe's death.

Sources

There exist numerous accounts of Wolfe and the Quebec campaign. The Rest to Fortune (R.

Wolfe at Quebec: mezzotint by Richard Houston after Schaak, based on Hervey Smyth's original sketch. This version shows riding boots and (apparently) laced loops on the cuffs and lapels, neither of which appear in Smyth's sketch. The scene in the background shows the landing and ascent of the Heights of Abraham.

Left:

Reconstruction of the possible appearance of the coat of an officer of Barrell's Regt. from the rear, 1740s. (Bryan Fosten)

Bryan Fosten's colour paintings on the back cover reconstruct Wolfe's appearance as (top) Captain, Barrell's Regt., 1745.

The uniform of Barrell's is shown to good effect by David Morier in his painting of Culloden: a scarlet coat with dark blue facings and silver lace, but note that lace buttonloops were not worn by the regiment at this period. waistcoat is in the facing colour, but the breeches are scarlet, worn with long gaiters or 'spatter-dashes'. The silver shoulder-knot was indicative of commissioned rank (like the crimson sash), but no system of differentiating between the various ranks existed. As a brigade major, Wolfe might have worn riding boots instead of gaiters at Culloden, and would certainly not have carried the. half-pike or musket borne by officers of 'battalion' and grenadier companies respectively. No regulation pattern of sword was specified; when serving with the 12th, Wolfe was pictured with a broadsword with semi-basket hilt lined with leather.

The second painting shows him as Major-General, Quebec, 1759.

Wolfe's costume was largely of his own devising, there being no prescribed uniform for general officers: a plain red coat and breeches and a plain hat. He has neither sash nor sword, but carries a bayonet for his light fusil in a sword-belt instead. The portrait by J.S.C. Schaak which shows this uniform depicts Wolfe in civilian top-boots; but the original sketch by Wolfe's ADC Capt. Hervey Smyth, on which the Schaak portrait is based, certainly appears to show gaiters with buttons on the side, with the tops turned down at the knee to give greater freedom of movement. The brassard on the left arm was a mourning-band for his father, Lt. Gen. Edward Wolfe, colonel of the 8th Foot, who died on 26 March 1759. The aiguillette shown in one Schaak portrait does not appear in Smyth's sketch.

Reilly, London, 1960) is a modern biography; *The Capture of Quebec* (C. Lloyd, London, 1959) is a modern study of the campaign, and *The Siege of Quebec* (J. Knox, London, 1769; reprinted London, 1976) is a valuable account

